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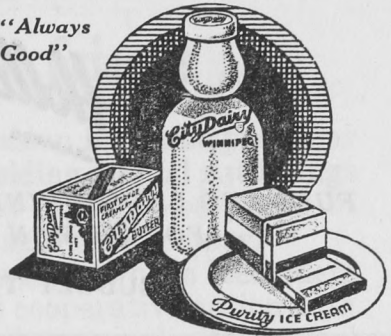
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The Icelandic Canadian

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No. 4

A Better Understanding Needed

Many readers of the Icelandic Canadian are subscribers to one and in some instances both of the Icelandic weeklies, Heimskringla and Lögberg. These weeklies reprint articles in newspapers and periodicals published in Iceland and thus bring them before subscribers of this magazine. If, therefore, it should happen that articles appear in these weeklies, reprints or originals, which misstate the policy of the magazine or are unjustly critical of the duty it seeks to perform, then it is only fair and right that editorial comment should be made on those articles, the misstatements corrected and an effort made to clear the misunderstandings.

Two such articles appeared in Lögberg, on May 19, and 26, last. The first is a reprint of an article in Syrpa, a periodical published in Iceland. It is written by the editor, Jóhanna Knudsen, and is entitled: "A Dangerous Misunderstanding". The second is a reply and is written by Ingibjörg Jónsson, editor of the Woman's Page, and wife of the editor of Lögberg.

Jóhanna Knudsen quotes at considerable length from the editorial of the first issue of this magazine, written by the then Editor-in-chief, Laura Goodman Salverson and an article in the same number by the writer of this editorial. The gravamen of the complaint is that Mrs. Salverson and I frankly state that we are Canadians but at the same time profess that some-

thing of Iceland stays with us. In the quoted article Mrs. Salverson said in part:

"We believe that our first duty is to Canada and to the world of tomorrow."

"Iceland will still live in our hearts; what is more, all that is good and great and treasurable in her ancient traditions will be transformed into living reality. As Canadians, and only as Canadians will it be possible for us to orient our Norse heritage in the New World of Tomorrow."

In part I said:

"We, Canadian of Icelandic descent . . . have been here a little over three score years. Most of the pioneers have passed on; their toil and sacrifice is still fresh with us. But we look in the other direction, to our own land, to Canada."

"In seeking an answer to our question (Where do we stand?) from the Icelandic Canadian point of view three central ideas emerge: we are at war; we are Canadians; we are of Icelandic descent."

Jóhanna Knudsen's article divides into four parts which may be summarized as follows:

1. The younger generations of Icelanders in North America are Canadians and Americans and nothing else.

2. A part of the policy of the Icelandic Canadian is to encourage enlistments in war.

3. "Vestur-Íslendingar", i.e. men of Icelandic origin, as well as others in the army of occupation in Iceland did harm to the people of Iceland.

4. People here of Icelandic extraction should not re-visit Iceland.

Canadians and Americans Only

Jóhanna Knudsen takes what is the easiest and in a way the most logical stand, namely that once we become Canadian and American citizens we are nothing else and should not pretend to be anything else. To her it is a misunderstanding and apparently a dangerous one if people are led to believe that we are something more. In support of her argument she refers to people who migrated from Denmark to Iceland, and their descendants. In commenting on the statements in the two articles Jóhanna Knudsen in part says:

"There is no doubt that this point of view is shared by a vast majority of that small national group in America whom we have looked upon as being Icelandic

"And need we wonder? If we look at ourselves we immediately understand this. In this country there are many people of foreign descent. We demand unconditionally of them that after a residence of 10-20 years, they think, speak and feel as Icelanders — all the more so in the case of the second generation let alone the third. Even though Thor Jensen was Danish and migrated to Iceland when a boy, we regarded him as an Icelander and no one in his senses imagines that his children are Danish or regard themselves as such."

This is a point of view which the vast majority of people of Icelandic descent on this continent have fought

continuously and relentlessly and, we have reason to believe, quite successfully. Though Canadians and Americans, we do not want to drop everything of Iceland about us and believe a middle course can be and indeed has been found.

The Policy of This Magazine

For some unexplainable reason Jóhanna Knudsen states that the following "appears" to be one of the three main points of policy of this magazine:

"To encourage the youth of the land to prove their loyalty and patriotism by enlisting in the army."

In view of this unfortunate misunderstanding and because it may be shared by others in Iceland it is well to restate the policy of the magazine as laid down in the second number of the first volume of the magazine.

1. To assist in making the things of value in our Icelandic heritage a living part of ourselves as Canadian citizens and thus improve the quality of our contribution to the distinctively Canadian pattern.

2. To provide an instrument by which the children of the ever increasing mixed marriages may be reached, and through which we would seek to instil in them a better knowledge and a keener appreciation of our heritage.

3. To provide a means whereby Canadians of Icelandic extraction, pure or mixed, can become better acquainted with each other and thus strengthen the common bond of the past which in itself will strengthen the common bond of the future in the larger Canadian scene.

4. To stimulate greater effort by making known to our readers the con-

tributions of Icelandic Canadians to the highest and best type of citizenship.

5. To place before the people of Canada and particularly the other ethnic groups, our interpretation of the position we should take as Canadian citizens, and thus contribute to Canadian unity by helping to form a common basis of approach.

It may be said that the above pronouncement does not offer much encouragement for efforts to maintain connecting links with the past. That, however, is not the case. Much thought has been given to "the position we should take as Canadian citizens" in relation to the land of our origin, its language and culture. Below I refer to the conclusion reached.

The Charge Against the Army of Occupation

Johanna Knudsen devotes a considerable part of her article to the injury which she says was caused by the American Army of Occupation. Soldiers and others of Icelandic descent are no exception and Valdimar Björnson of Minneapolis is given special mention. This is the conclusion reached:

"During the years of occupation the harm done by Vestur-Íslendingar was very obvious to many people in this country but because of age old bonds of loyalty no one took it upon himself to disclose it. But now this cannot be avoided, history must not repeat itself. Hence we throw out the challenge to Valdimar Björnson and all with a drop of Icelandic blood in their veins who served similarly:

"Do not come back!"

We of the west, to whom the battle for freedom was so close and real,

found it a little difficult at first to understand the aloofness adopted by the people of Iceland to the army of occupation which we felt was there in defence of all freedom loving people including those of Iceland. But as soon as the actual situation was made clear to us that misunderstanding was immediately removed and our criticism withdrawn.

And so I say to you, Johanna Knudsen, you who are of the same kith and kin: forget the irritations as we did; remember that some harm will always be done where there is an Army of Occupation; but let that harm be overshadowed in your heart and indeed obliterated by the high appraisalment you and I give to our common heritage, which was being defended, and by our mutual love of freedom and our firm resolve to defend it to the last.

Do Not Come Back!

This cuts across what this magazine looks upon as one of the means of maintaining the bonds with Iceland. For that reason a reference must be made to those bonds. It is in this sphere where this magazine differs with Mrs. Jónsson, though in a different way. Hence my comments on her article may be introduced here. She in part says:

"Briefly stated, the policy of Vestur-Íslendingar has from the beginning been to try to be as good citizens as possible and at the same time preserve their national heritage. It was, therefore, a surprise to many when the articles from which Jóhanna Knudsen quotes, appeared in the Icelandic Canadian magazine in 1942. Those who knew the 70 year history of Vestur-Íslendingar in Canada felt that Vestur-Íslendingar in Canada had realized

from the beginning that they were Canadians and that it was unnecessary to point that out to them; and that their position would not be enhanced by having such statements appear in a magazine which would be read by people of other national origins."

It does every Canadian good to remind himself every once in a while that he is a Canadian. In that respect we could take a lesson from Americans, Scotchmen and even Icelanders. But there are Canadian citizens who need to be told that they are Canadians. This is partly understandable because of the cosmopolitan nature of our population and because there are two dominant national groups, the British and the French, all of which has a tendency to create conflicts of loyalties. The accusation made here applies to individuals in all the national groups including the two dominant ones and Icelanders are no exception.

The Bonds With Iceland and the Means of Maintaining Them

It is here that the policy of this magazine differs so very sharply from the opinion of Jóhanna Knudsen and is at variance with the somewhat narrow stand taken by Mrs. Jónsson.

Jóhanna Knudsen brushes aside every thought in this direction. She maintains that once a person has acquired a permanent residence in a country everything in relation to the country of origin must be cast aside. The language spoken, the thinking and even the feeling must be of the new country.

Mrs. Jónsson adopts a different attitude which in many respects is the very antithesis of that of Jóhanna Knudsen. As her article and editorials of Löfgberg clearly indicate, the whole empha-

sis is placed upon the language as the bond between Iceland and us. In her article Mrs. Jónsson refers to "Icelandic congregations, schools, literary and cultural societies"; and to "Icelandic newspapers, magazines and books." The effort to maintain the Icelandic language in these various ways is laudable and reflects great credit upon Vestur-Íslendingar.

But, in my opinion, that is too narrow a view and falls far short of meeting the realities of the situation and ignores facts which dictate a constant change away from Icelandic as a means of expression towards the English language. This magazine has made what it believes to be a realistic approach to the problem. A snap judgment was not reached but one carefully thought out.

The editorial which I wrote in the last issue of the magazine, entitled, "Strengthen All the Bonds" is a statement of the conclusion we have reached. In it I dwelt at some length on the five categories of instruments or fabrics available for the preservation of Icelandic culture in North America. In summary they are as follows:

1. The Chair in Icelandic Language and Literature at the University of Manitoba.

2. The various organizations and institutions among us in which both languages are used.

3. Publications: weeklies, quarterlies, books, etc., in either language.

4. The visits of people of Iceland to us and from us to them.

5. The exchange of articles on subjects that will bring the people of Iceland and us closer together, those from Iceland being published here in English and those from us published in Iceland in the Icelandic language.

The staff of the magazine were very

much strengthened in the position they had taken and encouraged to carry on when the following letter was received from Hon. Thor Thors:

LEGATION OF ICELAND
WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

22nd April, 1949

Judge W. J. Lindal,
788 Wolseley Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

My dear Judge Lindal:

I wish to thank you for your kind letter of April 8th, with the enclosed copy of the last issue of the Icelandic Canadian.

I have read this publication with great interest and I wish to thank the editors for their most friendly remarks about Mrs. Thors and myself.

Regarding the editorial, which I found very ably written, I can only say that I am in complete agreement with you.

I am glad to note that you are expecting several interesting articles from Iceland and I have no doubt that you will be in a position to send them material of interest to the Icelandic people.

With kind regards.

Sincerely yours,

Thor Thors

No one among us, Vestur-Íslendingar, can more fairly nor indeed more clearly express an opinion on this magazine and the purposes it seeks to fulfill than Dr. Sig. Júl. Jóhannesson. In an article in Heimskringla, of March 30, last, which he entitles: "Thinking into the future", he says in part:

"Almost six years have passed since the magazine greeted us and since then it has developed to such an extent that the future history of Vestur-Íslendingar

will point to that organization as one of the most important events in their service on behalf of our national group."

Dr. Sig. Júl. refers to the objects and purposes of the magazine, already enumerated, and then proceeds as follows:

"In addition the purpose of the magazine was to build a bridge across the ocean, bring together the national groups here and over there in so far as that was possible. It was thought that for some considerable time the material for the bridge would be of both languages, English and Icelandic, later undoubtedly exclusively English. That should not be as difficult as one might think because the number is rapidly increasing of people in Iceland who speak and understand the English language.

"Up to the present time, this magazine has proved to be more complete and has yielded more influence than could possibly have been hoped for. . .

"This magazine in all probability will endure for many years. Undoubtedly upon it will fall the responsibility of taking a prominent if not leading part in providing a haven for the soul of Iceland in the culture of America so that it may yield its influence there even though the outward body may by then have turned into dust."

The point of view of the Icelandic Canadian has received endorsement from prominent men. All we ask is that other editors view it from a sympathetic and objective point of view. A better understanding will be the result and an opportunity provided for a more united service in a cause which is so dear to us all.

W. J. Lindal

Newfoundland

By Prof. T. J. Oleson

On 31 of March of the present year the tenth province was added to the Dominion of Canada. This was Newfoundland, including the island of that name and the continental tract of Labrador. The former has an area of some 43,000 sq. m., and the latter an area of some 112,000. The population of these territories is around 330,000, of whom possibly 2500 — 3000 are Labrador Eskimos. The natural resources of this new province of the Dominion may be said to be almost untapped and are very great. Not only have they a rich fishing industry but also tremendous mineral deposits, much water power, and great tracts of timber. The inclusion of Newfoundland in Canada should bring great advantages to both people.

As is well known, it was the great wealth to be obtained from the sea off Newfoundland that first interested Europeans in the island. From the earliest times fishing has been a most important industry. Cod, seal, lobster, herring, salmon, mackerel and other fish are caught, but the first is by far the leading catch. Of the \$18,000,000 which the fishing industry brought in export products in 1943 — 44, \$15,000,000 came from the cod fishery. The rich mineral resources, especially in Labrador, may in the future far outweigh the fisheries. On the island itself, large deposits of iron and copper are worked and in 1943 — 44 mines there produced exports valued at \$8,000,000. The recent discovery of iron in Labrador will make this appear as small change. Both on the island and in Labrador there are rich supplies

for the production of paper and pulp, and indeed in 1943 — 44 Newfoundland exported \$42,000,000 worth of these products. The future will see great development in all these fields of production. Only in agriculture, which is very limited (export values in 1943—44 were \$34,000), is there not likely to be any very great advance.

Newfoundland has a great historic past. It is usually described as the oldest British Colony. An account book of Henry VII (1485 — 1509) contains the following entry: "To hym that founde the new Isle £10." The reference is to John Cabot who, on 24 June 1497 — at the beginning of the Age of the Great Discoveries — sighted Bonavista. But it was not until 1583 that Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of the island after landing at St. John's, and the first real settlement was not made until 1610 on Cupids coast. There can, however, be little doubt that fishermen lived on Newfoundland now and again from the beginning of the sixteenth century. Throughout the seventeenth century the settlements on the island gradually increased. In the latter half of that century some French fishermen settled at Placentia, where the French built two forts. Ownership of the island was disputed by the French and English, until by the Treaty of Utrecht 1713, France wholly ceded Newfoundland to England and most of the French settlers left.

By 1767 the population was probably about 15,000. In the nineteenth century many Irish immigrants came to Newfoundland. The population in-



A section of the city of St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland

creased as the natural resources of the country began to be developed and railways built. Newfoundland acquired Dominion status after World War I, but in 1933 this was suspended because of the serious financial condition of the country. It was then governed by a commission set up by an act of the British parliament. In 1948 in a plebiscite the people of Newfoundland voted to join Canada. The new province is a welcome addition to the Dominion, and of great value for strategic as well as other reasons.

Newfoundland has, as is evident from the above, a great historic past. But its history extends even further back, and it is this earlier phase of its history that has probably the greatest interest for Icelandic Canadians. The first Europeans to lay eyes on Newfoundland and Labrador were the Icelanders. Bjarni Herjólfsson sighted either one or both as early as 986, and from then until the Age of the Great Discoveries contact was maintained

between Europe and at least Labrador through the earliest outpost of Europe in the New World, the Icelandic colony of Greenland. Newfoundland has sometimes been identified as the Vinland of the Icelandic sagas, but this hardly seems correct. Vinland was probably located somewhere on the eastern seaboard of the United States of America. But there can be little doubt that Labrador was the Markland of the sagas. From it the Greenlanders obtained their timber. As late as 1347 they were still making voyages thither as a matter of course, judging from an entry in Icelandic annals: — "1347. Then came (to Iceland) a Greenland ship which had been making for Markland and on it were eighteen men". No doubt voyages continued to be made to Labrador as long as the Greenland colony existed.

There are also reasons for thinking that some of the Icelandic inhabitants of Greenland made their way to Labrador and settled in that land. Here and



A lake on the west coast, 1,000 feet deep, bordered by mountains 2,000 feet high.

there (e.g., Nain) in Labrador ruins of stone houses and other structures have been discovered which, in the opinion of some, belong to the same material culture as that of the Greenland colony (see e.g., *American Geographical Review*, xvii; *The Geographical Journal*, lix).

It may also have been in Labrador that the first meeting between Europeans and the aborigines of the New World took place. This was the encounter between the expedition of Þorfinnr karlsefni and the *Skrælings*, the ancestors of the modern Eskimo.

Until the eighteenth century the Eskimo occupied both northern and southern Labrador. Some estimates of their numbers run as high as 30,000, a figure almost certainly from three to six times too high. The southern Eskimo did not survive the contact with

the white man of the eighteenth century, but the northern tribes were saved by the efforts of the Moravian brethren, whose early leader, Jens Haven, is often compared to the Apostle of the Greenlanders, Hans Egede. Of the work of the Moravians, E. W. Hawkes writes: "To these devoted followers of the lowly Nazarene the Eskimo of the northern Labrador coast owe not only their salvation but their present existence" (*The Labrador Eskimo*, Ottawa 1916, p. 10).

In the legends of these Eskimo there are indications that the Greenlanders settled in Labrador. There are, e.g., references to a gigantic race, the Tunnit, who are said to have lived in northeastern Labrador. To them the Eskimo ascribe the ruins of the old stone houses and other structures to which reference was made above (cf. Labra-

dor Eskimo, pp. 143 —150). There is also a tradition that the Labrador Eskimo used to trade with the Beothuks of Newfoundland, whose tragic end was also graphically described by Mrs. Josie in the last issue of this periodical. It was there suggested that the Greenlanders may have had contact with them. This may have been through the Tunnit for the weapons of the Beothuks, which point to contact with Eskimo tribes, are different from those of the modern Labrador Eskimo, but similar to another type which has been found in stone houses in certain regions of the eastern Arctic (see D. Jenness, "Notes on the Beothuk Indians of Newfoundland", — **National Museum of Canada Annual Report**, 1927, pp. 36 — 39). All these matters require careful investigation and only through large scale archaeol-

ogical work can it be hoped that light will be cast on them.

Newfoundland and Labrador are thus territories whose history is intimately bound up with some of the most glorious pages in the history of the Icelanders — the discovery of Greenland and with it, of the New World, and the mighty task of founding the first settlements of Europeans in the Western Hemisphere. With the memory of these ancient associations strong in our minds, we welcome Canada's tenth province with even greater interest than the entry of the industrious and ingenious, the sober and courageous, people of Newfoundland into Confederation would in any case have occasioned. This great Canada of ours is made greater by the inclusion of Newfoundland and Labrador.

The erection of a stone monument and tablet to commemorate the work of L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Gree Gables", was recommended recently by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada.

The Board composed of historians of recognized standing advises the National Parks Service of the Department

of Mines and Resources on matters relating to the marking or acquiring of places of historic interest in Canada.

★

The Icelandic Canadian gratefully acknowledges the loan of cuts, for the article on Newfoundland, by the "Timarit" of the Icelandic National League.

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

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The Art of Emile Walters

By Russell Horn

Mr. Russell Horn is a well known American journalist, and music and art critic, on which subjects he has written scores of articles for American and English magazines. When asked some particulars about himself, Mr. Horn informs us with humorous restraint, "I studied the piano with one of the pupils of Franz Liszt, and do not play; I have been a member of the **Glasgow School**, which has given the world some of its greatest painters, and I do not paint. But I have written much, — perhaps too much — about both music and painting, and, if Plato is right, then it is impossible really to love unless one knows deeply that which one loves. And I have loved the Arts since I was six years old".

Mr. Horn was born in Scotland but has lived in the United States for twenty-five years, mainly in New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Horn are at present on a visit to their native Scotland, their first after leaving it a quarter of a century ago. . . . ED.



Emile Walters

"There is life for a keen look." This saying from ancient India, the land to which the Occident owes more than can be told of art, ethics, and religion comes to mind when one contemplates

any truly great artistic expression, whether in large or small form. What we see of simplicity in, say, a painting by Fra Angelico, or what we hear of celestial clarity and childlike purity in a sonata of Mozart, are a simplicity and purity revealed to us because of the artist's having, with his "keen look", pierced through non-essentials to the core of things to find "life" — which is Beauty.

It is a rare thing, this keen look, a gift of the gods granted only to a favored few, although it may be true, as the Greeks believed, that all children have it and hold it until it is beaten or educated out of them. And perhaps the true artist, in whatever mode of expression, is he who

" sees with childlike eyes
Things that are hidden from the wise."

"Except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven", is perhaps not merely a piece of lovely poetry: it may be sober and even terrifying truth.

Such reflections seem naturally and inevitably to arise when considering the work of Emile Walters, in regard to whom it seems almost a waste of

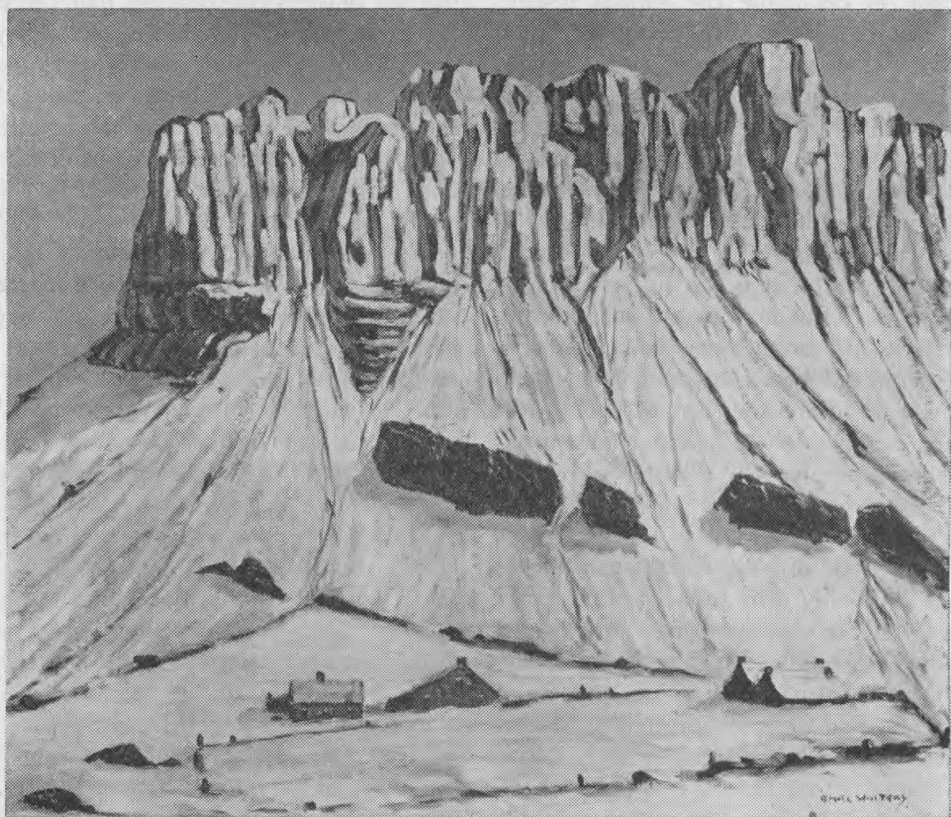
time to catalogue the formal distinctions that have been conferred upon him. Less well known in his native Canada* than they should be, his paintings hang in most of the famous galleries of the United States and in many of those of Europe. The Government of Iceland has acquired several of his paintings and he has been decorated by royalty. It is not to be supposed that these distinctions are without interest to the artist himself. They are, as they would be to anyone, quite gratifying and valuable, but while he does not interpret them as external appreciation merely, the "look" of Emile Walters is keen and sees beyond externals. Which is not to say that there is anything precious in his attitude to art or to life, but in his paintings he goes to the root of things and an evidence of spontaneous generosity evokes in him a quickening of the pulse and an emotion more deeply felt than that aroused by distinctions and decorations.

Thus when, after some little coaxing, he has spoken of the honors that have come to him, he will tell, with a very different glint in his eye, of how he stood one day at the doors of the National Gallery in Ottawa. He was a lad of nineteen and had already known what it was to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. He was, in point of fact, almost destitute of what the law somewhat humorously describes as visible means of support. He was desperately anxious to enter the Gallery and look upon what the

world's masters of painting had done. But it happened that it was not a day for public admission and the doors were closed. The boy, however, thought that he would try his luck, and, with some trepidation, tried to push the door open, only to find himself in the grasp of a stalwart policeman who none too gently directed him to take himself off. At this juncture there came through the door an old and very handsome gentleman of graceful carriage and an air of extreme distinction. He wore, as young Walters noted with artistic vividness, a voluminous cape. Seeing the contretemps between the lad and the policeman, the old gentleman stopped to ask the cause. Having heard and looked the boy over, he motioned the policeman away. Then, putting his arm about young Emile's shoulders, they entered the gallery together, and the lad saw the pictures. The olympian old gentleman was Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada. Emile Walters tells this story today, many years after the event, with a quite recondite emotion, an entirely impersonal satisfaction derived from the altruism of the act itself and not merely because it happened that he was the favored actor in the little fantasy.

It would seem that there has always been a *deus ex machina* in the affairs of the artist: always a juncture at which, not from a clear sky but often out of a very bleak and stormy one, there has come a totally unlooked-for ray of good fortune. There is an Arabian Nights flavor to these happenings. As when, not many years after the encounter with Sir Wilfred Laurier, Emile found himself in a dreary New York attic, hors de combat financially and unprovided with even the bare necessities of life: this was the nadir of his fortunes. "Even my box of paints

* Emile Walters was born in Winnipeg, but moved with his people to North Dakota when about ten years old. His parents were Páll Valtýr Eiríkson, from Bakka in Viðivíkursveit in Skagafjarðarsýsla, and his wife Björg Jónsdóttir from Reykjum in Reykjarströnd. — Ed.



"HARP OF THE VALKYRIES"

Reproductions of paintings by courtesy of the artist, Emile Walters.

and my brushes", he recalls, with a humorous eye, "were stolen from me by a friend!" (In passing, his use of the word "friend", in connection with this dismal trick, is characteristic: to Emile, the theft was a theft, but a friend was a friend—and remained so).

From amidst these repressing circumstances—and here is the Arabian Nights touch—the young artist was whisked to the palatial home of a millionaire in Long Island! In this case the magician was Louis Comfort Tiffany, head of the famous New York firm of jewelers, of whom, (to sustain the Arabian Nights similitude) it is pleasant to think of as the Compassionate Jeweler of Baghdad! There is,

however, an explicatory train of circumstances leading up to this otherwise incredible outcome. Before this translation from garret to mansion Walters had worked long and hard under circumstances so adverse that they had brought him at last to the grimy attic in the purlieu of New York. But, if he had made no money, what he had accomplished in painting had brought him enough recognition to result in his being awarded a scholarship of \$150 by the Pennsylvania Academy. This, however, was something in the nature of a Barmecide feast: he was in the paradoxical position of being too poor to accept the \$150 award! The money was sufficient only to meet the cost of tui-

tion, and where were rent and bite and sup to come from? The award had to be declined. But it would appear that the god was once more preparing to emerge from the machine! The Pennsylvania Academy, having been asked by Mr. Tiffany to recommend a worthy man for the \$2,000 scholarship at the Tiffany Foundation at Oyster Bay, Long Island, named Emile Walters. The award was confirmed to him—he was the first to receive the distinction—and there followed the appearance on the scene of Mr. Tiffany himself and the emancipation of the young artist from the attic.

To attribute these events to the caprice of fortune would be misleading. Sir Wilfred Laurier, surely, was a man who knew men: what had he read in the eyes of the lad who stood outside the doors of the Ottawa National gallery? Whatever it may have been it was enough to prompt him to break the rules of the institution and take the boy in. The Pennsylvania Academy award, meagre though it was, was not made to one who did not merit it. Certainly the recommendation for the \$2,000 Tiffany Foundation Scholarship was not based on ignorance of the qualifications of the young man who was named. And the rescue from the New York attic was not effected by the clear-sighted Tiffany without his having seen good reason for what he did.

That there was good reason, whether fully understood by others or not, Emile was to demonstrate very soon in his new surroundings in Long Island. It was a wealthy milieu, assimilating to its components the estates of many owners of famous names. One of these was the family of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, a man whom the young artist regarded with what amounted to hero-worship, and it was on the Roose-

velt estate that he made his first real bid for fame.

Here he painted his "Roosevelt's Haunts: Early Autumn", a work which, in the light of his later extraordinary productions, may be described as tentative. The technique of the execution is of a high order, and evidences of the "keen look" are clear, but the keen look does not yet see everything. Nevertheless enough had been seen and transferred to his canvas to make it plain that the artist had something arresting to say and was saying it. The picture created more than a mild sensation among those who first saw it in Long Island: it made the rounds of a large number of exhibitions: it was awarded the Goodwin prize in Chicago: and in the end was acquired by the National Gallery in Washington, D. C.

All this was gratifying to Emile Walters. He had struggled too long against adversity not to experience a glow over having at last begun to emerge from obscurity, but his real satisfaction must have come with the knowledge that in this picture he had "found himself". In the work of every great artist, whether painter, writer, or musician, there is a period, sometimes late, sometimes early, recognizable as that in which he has become aware of himself. When an artist "knows" his subject he has begun to know himself, and in an almost mystical sense the subject may be said to know the artist. In "Roosevelt's Haunts: Early Autumn", which is the presentation of a group of buildings surrounded by poplars, the trees themselves seem to have suggested to the artist how they should be painted. They have the air of saying something and of having said something to the artist. The work, as has been said, is tentative but only so because, while the poplars said much to the artist, they



"GOLDEN GLOW"

could have said more—or the artist might have heard and seen more. Later he was to see and hear more than is vouchsafed to most mortals and to transfer it to canvasses which are little short of miracles of variety of expression.

It is this variety of expression in the later work of Emile Walters that gives rise to an almost incredulous astonishment when a number of his pictures in different modes are seen in juxtaposition. If, from the large number of canvasses executed in Iceland we select,

say, his "Harp of the Valkyries", we find ourselves contemplating a stark presentation of nature in almost terrifying aloofness. The harsh crags, the gleaming suavity of the ice-masses, and the austere purity of the northern sky, are given in colors of cold beauty. Nature discloses to those who love her, and it is surely because of Walters' love for nature that his keen look has discerned and his cunning hand has shown us the living glow and magic of those Icelandic landscapes. Somehow, if we look long at this picture, our first im-

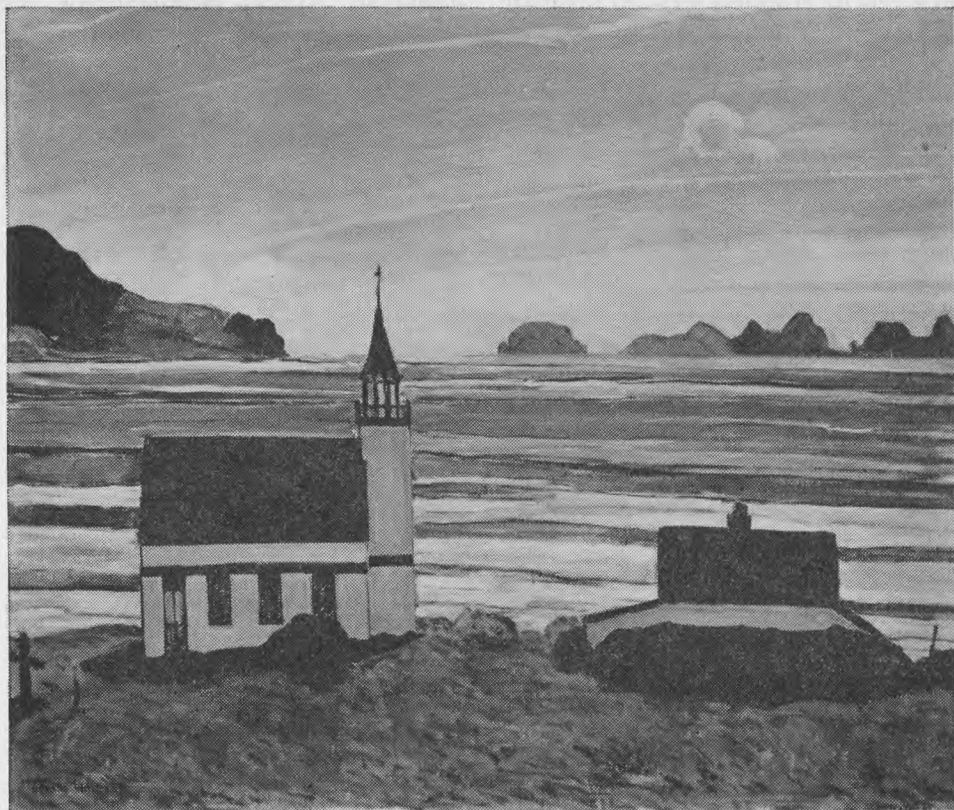
pressions of grimness seem to dissipate themselves, but the aloofness remains, and the sense of remoteness, and an indefinable aura of silentness. One thinks of the Upanishads and the strange words that were spoken by Krishna to Arjuna: ". . . and among those who are wise in spiritual knowledge I am their silence." What is it that those terrible crags know, and what did they say to Emile Walters? Walters speaks cautiously, as do all discreet men, of transcendental philosophy, and says that he has sometimes experienced in the remoter parts of Iceland a sense of the Fourth Dimension. No one knows what the Fourth Dimension is, but it is not difficult to understand what the artist means when we look upon his truly wonderful paintings of Iceland: for a moment we seem to be ourselves endowed with the "keen look" and what we see is a little frightening.

All of Emile Walters' Icelandic paintings are in the same genre, yet there are subtle contrasts in mode of expression between one picture and another. We look at his "Elfin Church" and here we find the magic glow again, but the stern-ness of the Harp of the Valkyries is replaced by a glistening gelid loveliness, a fairylikeness not of the South. It is an Arabian Nights fantasy, dreamed in Iceland!

In his "Glacial Blink", another arresting work, we find the same quality as in The Harp of the Valkyries, but intensified—if that were possible. "Glacial" is in itself a beautiful word and it fits the picture perfectly. A well known critic has described this work as "harder to accept as a composition despite the apparent fidelity to nature", and this verdict has deeper implications than were perhaps contemplated by the critic himself. It assuredly is "hard to accept" because of its touch-me-not

stern-ness. Almost intimidatingly the massed peaks stand out against the crystalline aquamarine sky in Thule. Hard indeed to accept, for perhaps more than any other of Walters' Icelandic pictures should this one bring conviction of sin to the frivolous soul. It is not a matter for wonder that Icelanders have the name of being hardy spirits: to live and move and have their being, unabashed, amidst such surroundings is surely to have achieved a salutary way of life.

If we now turn to another phase of Emile Walters' art (one might almost say another **branch** of his art) it is to be nothing less than astounding to look upon his flower paintings or his pictures of Spring in the Hudson River valley. Here there is literally nothing of the austerity we find in his Icelandic work. Were it not for some indelible hints it would be incredible that they had been executed by the same hand. Even in bearing in mind that to be delicate it is necessary to be strong it is hard to believe that the man who painted The Glacial Blink should also have given us his "Golden Glow". This is a flower picture to make one catch one's breath by its gossamer delicacy. The very massing of the flowers is delicate, and the flowers themselves—golden yellow flowers—seem but to await a chance breeze to set them swaying on their stems. One might be forgiven for becoming dithyrambic and fancying Ariel tip-toe on the flower petals! A far cry, truly, from the austerities of the Glacial Blink and the Harp of the Valkyries! As far, indeed, as from them to the gentle beauty of "Springtime in the Hudson River Valley" which has the nostalgia of Harpignies and the atmosphere of early Corot, both of whom were endowed with the "keen look" which sees visions of life and



"LYTHEND"

transfers them to canvas. Harpignies and Corot would have hailed as one of their fraternity the painter of "Spring-time in the Hudson River Valley": what would they have said of the *Glacial Blink*, done by the same hand?

What, too, would they or anyone say after seeing the Icelandic pictures, and the flower paintings, and the American landscapes, if there were to be put before them a work in a manner totally different from any of them? A work, indeed, that would almost seem to be totally different in spirit. Emile Walters' "Old House" would be such a work. Here we have, to use a colloquialism, "something else again". It is the picture of an old farmstead in

Dutchess County, New York State. Simply an old house, as its title says. Flanked by two sentinel trees — true Walters trees that do not merely seem to be, but actually are, telling us something — mantled in snow. Snow covers the roof of the house and here and there droops in spindrels from the eaves, suggesting white-bearded age. No feeling of melancholy is conveyed, only a sense of weariness and age. The sentinel trees tell you, almost as though in words, that they are tired; the house itself might be a weary old man; and the picture might well be entitled merely "AGE", for Emile Walters has imbued it with the Spirit of Eld. A wonderful composition both in its con-

ception and presentation, and it would be so even if no other of the artist's works existed. But its own proper wonder is something to give pause to one who has seen Emile Walters' works in other modes so utterly different as to render it well-nigh impossible to believe that they have a common source.

Such bewilderment, however, is dissipated, if the ancient Hindu saying with which this article began is remembered. "There is life for a keen look", and there are rare souls who, like Emile Walters, are endowed with the power to look so keenly into the heart of things that they can discern the life and hidden soul in all things — in a glacial landscape, a golden glow of flowers, a smiling Spring scene or a decrepit and weary old house. Such

men of art know that in the ultimate issue there is but one soul, one life; they know too how to become en rapport with this soul under its manifold manifestations. Emile Walters has long since given proof that he is such an artist; through the diversity of his modes of expression he, far more than most men, has interpreted for us in these manifestations what we had not seen for ourselves.

It is strange that his work, so well known in the United States and Europe, should be less familiar to Canada, and particularly to his native Winnipeg. It cannot be doubted that when Canada sees more of it this is a condition that will change. More than anything, Icelandic Canadians are to be felicitated for having given to the world such an artist as Emile Walters.

GOVERNMENT AID FOR STUDENTS

Started as an experiment, Youth Training in Canada has long since passed that stage, as the last fiscal year was the eleventh year during which it has operated.

Youth Training is the pioneer form of co-operative training undertaken between the federal and provincial governments. Although it has been carried on in a limited way during the past few years, it constituted the foundation on which was built the more extensive plans of War Emergency and Veteran Training.

Under this Youth Training Agreement financial aid is available to students in all of the provinces. Persons eligible for assistance are nurses in training at hospitals and students who are in a course leading to a degree at a university, but who could not con-

tinue their course without financial assistance. The students, to qualify for aid must have good academic standing.

Each province decides whether the assistance takes the form of a loan, an outright grant, or a combination of the two. This feature of the Agreement is of considerable national importance, in that it permits students who have demonstrated their academic ability, to remain at universities when they would otherwise have to withdraw for financial reasons.

During the last fiscal year federal expenditures for assistance to students amounted to \$140,500 as grants and \$55,000 as loans. Financial help was given to 302 nurses-in-training and 2,127 students at universities.

The federal government has established a fund to assist qualified students to take post-graduate training in recreation and physical fitness.

Beginnings of Aviation in Iceland

By Professor Alexander Jóhannesson
Rector of the University of Iceland

Translated by Rev. Friðrik Hallgrímsson



PROF. ALEXANDER JOHANNESSEN

There are not many countries which are in greater need of airplanes for transportation of passengers and mail, than Iceland. For centuries the horse was the only means of transport between the different parts of the country. Later the coasting vessels appeared, and in the beginnings of the 20th century the automobile; not until recently has it been possible to travel in automobiles across the country from Reykjavík to Akureyri and from there to the East coast. Considering the great difference in the travelling by boat from Reykjavík to Akureyri in 48 hours, and in 48 to 72 hours to the East-coast, or making this journey by car in 15 to 25 hours, —

and then to be able to cover the same distances by plane in between one and two hours, the tremendous time-saving afforded by aviation in our country will become evident.

In 1919 and 1920 the first attempts were made, — in 1920 by a Canadian pilot, Lt. Frank Frederickson, who flew a small sporting-plane, "Avro", with a 110 h. p. engine, which only was used in Reykjavík for taking passengers one at a time, for short sight-seeing flights.

In this country a great interest was taken in the progress in aviation during the following years, and on May 1st 1928 we organized the present "Flugfélag Íslands" (Icelandic Airlines) — the name being transferred from the small organization of 1919. The first plane was a German Junker-plane, F 13, accommodating 4 passengers beside the pilot and mechanic. The pilot was a young, accomplished German by the name of Simon, who in 1931 lost his life in an airplane accident off the shores of Newfoundland. The Flugfélag Íslands was active in the years 1928 — 1931 during the summer-season, employing two planes during the last three years. During these years the planes flew almost 180,000 kilometers carrying close to 2600 passengers beside a considerable amount of mail, making landings in 40 to 50 places. Thus the way was paved for aviation in Iceland, as much valuable experience was obtained regarding weather-conditions, landing-places and other important matters.

It goes without saying that this new organization had several obstacles to overcome. Many of our people did not realize the usefulness of this enterprise, and there were financial difficulties. During the first two years our planes were flown by German pilots, but in 1930 Sigurður Jónsson became a pilot and in the following year Björn Eiríksson, and at the same time two Icelandic mechanics, Gunnar Jónasson and Björn Olsen, joined the staff, making it exclusively Icelandic. Up to that time our company had been in collaboration with the German company, Lufthansa. During 1928 — 1931 we started looking for shoals of herring from our planes, brought patients from different places to Reykjavík for treatment and attempted coast-patrol by air. A few incidents from these first four years may be mentioned.

On the morning of June 4th 1928 we left Reykjavík for Akureyri, a flight we were taking for the first time. The weather was not very favorable when we passed the end of the Snæfellsnes mountain range, crossed Breiðafjörður and flew along the coast of the West-fjords and made a landing at Ísafjörður 1½ hours after our departure from Reykjavík. Celebrating this accomplishment in a glass of sparkling champagne, the people of Ísafjörður shouted for joy when they, for the first time beheld an airplane. From there we continued our journey to Siglufjörður where we stopped for an hour and then flew to Akureyri, receiving a magnificent welcome at both places. On the following day we were banqueted by the city council of Akureyri, and in the evening at 7 o'clock we set out on the return trip to Reykjavík. The weather was fine as we found ourselves directly above the mountain range of Snæfellsnes and we enjoyed the beauti-

ful view. We were at an altitude of 6500 feet and at the same time we beheld Breiðafjörður, Faxaflói and Snæfellsjökull in all its glory, and we could see far inland to the south and east. As we were enjoying this wonderful view we were suddenly startled by a peculiar noise from the engine, just as if rusty iron had been thrown about. There was engine trouble and we descended slowly, the altimeter showing 3300 feet. Below there was nothing but large boulders and as it seemed inevitable that all four of us would immediately perish the pilot succeeded in gliding the plane, and in a short time was able to alight on the water just clear of the perils of the rocky coast. At this moment of danger I was seized by a strong annoyance in having so suddenly to take leave of life, — but at the same time I found comfort in the thought of the possibility of life after death. — We succeeded in reaching Akraós and passed the night at the farm Akrar, from which we sent a message telling what had happened to us and asked for a motor-boat to tow the plane to Reykjavík. That same evening thousands of our fellow-citizens were awaiting our return. They went to bed late convinced that this first Icelandic plane had perished leaving no survivors.

On our arrival in Reykjavík the following day we found many skeptical of the future of aviation in Iceland. We however refused to quit. We changed the engine and on June 8th flew with a new engine and new hope the same route across the mountain range of Snæfellsnes to Stykkishólmur, and on the following day to Vestmannaeyjar, where our airplane made a landing for the first time. Two days later passengers were for the first time taken to Akureyri by plane, the plane returning to Reykjavík the same day.

We now had covered the West and the North of the country, besides Vestmannaeyjar, and we decided to take the southern route to Seyðisfjörður. On July 5th we flew to Dyrhólaós and from there along the coast to Hornafjörður, then to Breiðdalsvík, where we had to alight to replenish our leaky radiator with sea-water, and then proceeded to Eskifjörður, while all the telephone stations on the East coast were telling each other that an Icelandic plane was on its way and that it had alighted at Breiðdalsvík. On our arrival at Eskifjörður we were welcomed with an address and a band played the Icelandic and the German national anthems. After a flight of 15 minutes we landed at Norðfjörður, where all the inhabitants seemed to have gathered to welcome us, as also was the case at Eskifjörður, and a little girl handed me a bouquet from the townspeople. Proceeding to Seyðisfjörður we were received in much the same way and on the following day we were banqueted by the town board. Having accomplished this we returned to Reykjavík, passing the large sandy deserts of the South in stormy and rainy weather. Having had a strong contrary wind we had almost used up all our fuel with only enough for a few minutes flight left.

We now had covered the country with exception of the North-eastern extremity, which we did later in the summer, — and new tasks awaited us. We were employed by the government to make an attempt to find and guide the fishing-vessels to shoals of herring, making our headquarters at the principal herring-town of the North, Siglufjörður. Every day we flew along the North-coast, and we saw large shoals of herring as black dots in the water, which we marked on a map, which proved a great help to the fishermen.

Thus an organized search for herring was instituted and made by our company during the four years of its activity. This search for herring was taken up again at the organization of the new Flugfélag Íslands in 1937, and now every summer 2 or 3 planes are employed in this work at the north coast. The use of aircraft for this purpose, which probably has nowhere been more efficiently organized than in Iceland, has been found to be of very great importance.

In the summer of 1928 and the following years we transported a number of patients from remote places to Reykjavík. I am going to mention one instance. A certain doctor phoned and asked us to come and take a young man to Reykjavík who was suffering from a bad case of rupture, which made it dangerous to take him there in a car. His home was at a farm near a lake, Meðalfellsvatn, surrounded by mountains, only 15. min. flight from Reykjavík. It was a beautiful, calm evening; the smoke from the chimney rose perpendicularly in the air, the country arrayed in its most beautiful summer-dress. The people of the farm were standing on the bank of the lake; the pastor of the parish kissed the young man on the cheek and gave him his blessing. The young people looked on in silence, the scene surrounded by the peace of the summer evening. The lad was in great pain, but in 15 minutes he was in Reykjavík, was taken to the hospital and operated on, and in two weeks time he returned to his home fully recovered.

Such were the beginnings of aviation in Iceland, which came to enjoy an ever increasing popularity. The Alþing has made an annual grant to this enterprise, passed a law, still in force, controlling aviation, and another law

organizing search for herring by planes, a small fee from each barrel of herring being paid into a fund to be used for that purpose. The years passed with their many cares and difficulties but also their rejoicing in what had been accomplished. There were several mishaps during these first four years, but never an accident causing loss of life. At last in 1931, during a time of depression, the company found it impossible for financial reasons to continue its work. There had been a long period of experiment and preparation, and it was the ambition of many young Icelanders to become pilots. One of these was Mr. Agnar Kofoed-Hansen, a splendid energetic young man, who after having studied aviation in Denmark, returned in 1936 and succeeded in organizing a new company, which was given the name of its predecessor: "Flugfélag Íslands." Several interested and accomplished men joined him, such as Mr. Örn Johnson, who later became the manager of the company. For a time Mr. Agnar Kofoed-Hansen held the office of Chief of Police in Reykjavík, and at present he is Chairman of the Aeronautic Board. Somewhat later another company, "Loftleiðir" (Skyways), was organized, and the two companies now have many planes, including 3 large planes

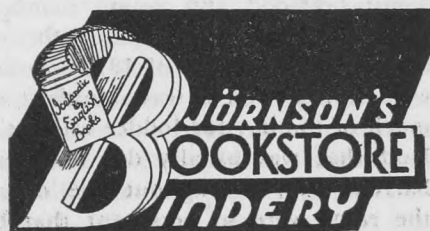
(Skymasters), which fly regularly to England and Scandinavia and also to America. They also have taken passengers from Rome to South-America, so that it is no exaggeration to say that Icelandic planes are finding their way to an ever increasing number of the roads of the skies.

Considering the small population of our country, tremendous progress has been made in this field during the last few years. We now attend international aviation-conferences and cooperate with other nations in air-navigation services (meteorological information, communications and airtraffic-control). We now have 45 planes in our country, Flugfélag Íslands and Loftleiðir, each possessing 9. These two companies fly their aircraft regularly the year round to many places in Iceland and also to other countries, especially on the route Reykjavík — Prestwick — Copenhagen.

The following figures for 1948 show that Iceland now is one of the leading countries in airtransport of passengers, mail and freight:

	Flugfél. Ísl.	Loftl.
Passengers	26848	18577
Mail	92924 kg.	53451 kg.
Freight	112145 kg.	41794 kg.
Pass. luggage ca.	300000 kg.	259000

The Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto will receive more than half a million dollars from the federal government's hospital construction grants. The money for this hospital will be used to provide bed accommodation for more than 600 sick and injured children from all parts of Ontario.



702 Sargent Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

The Sivertz Family—A Success Story

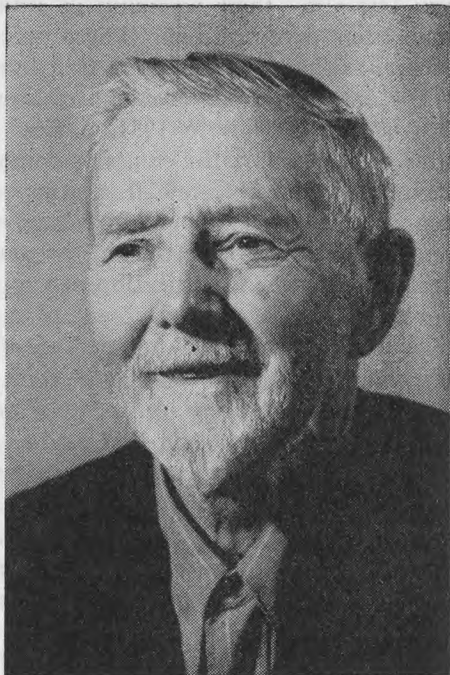
By Halldor J. Stefansson

To us in America it is not uncommon to hear of fellow-Icelanders who came here from conditions of extreme poverty and who have "made good" in one or two generations. Yet each of these stories gives us a thrill and re-kindles our ambition.

An outstanding case in point is the story of Christian Sivertz and his six sons. The following sketch is based on biographical notes kindly loaned to the *Icelandic Canadian* by Mr. Sivertz.

The story opens on a small farm called "Miðhús" in the parish of Reykhólar, on Barðaströnd, Iceland, where Christian Sivertz was born on December 3, 1864. His parents were Sigurgeir Sigurðsson and his wife Björg Jónsdóttir, (the name of **Sivertz** was adopted after arrival in Canada) and "Ours was a large family of small resources", he tells us. In the eighteen years before he emigrated he learned much about his native land and its people, both by travel and actual contact and through extensive reading. He had no formal schooling but his days of herding sheep alone up in the hills, gave him ample time to meditate and to form opinions on many matters.

Iceland was not a gentle and bountiful mother to this youth. Many and interesting are the tales he has to tell about boyhood and young manhood pitching its strength against the elements. "The summer of 1879 was very wet", he says, "Grass was abundant and much of the hay for fodder was cut on land that was usually dry and semi-barren. But, throughout the district the rains were so persistent that but little of the crop got properly cured,



CHRISTIAN SIVERTZ

and many of our sheep sickened and died. We blamed this on the condition of the hay.

"The winter that year, came on us suddenly — in one day! I had been taking the sheep, including the spring lambs, out for pasture regularly, up to the marshy bench-lands in the little mountain valley running up from our farm. The pasture was fine and the weather had been fair for several days. Taking a small lunch with me, I would stay until dusk and then drive the sheep home, the flock dividing itself pretty well into their respective folds.

"Early on that day snow started falling, with a little frost and no wind, so I stayed on unconcerned. The flock

of sixty or seventy sheep pastured diligently, seeming to appreciate the green grass all the more after nuzzling through the deepening blanket of snow to get it. Pretty soon they looked like great mis-shapen snowballs scattered over the white expanse of the irregular slopes. As it was getting dark my brother Helgi came pushing and shoving through the snow, saying that Mother had sent him and we had better hurry the flock home. So we gave the call, and in a few minutes had the sheep lined up, heading for home. The snow, by this time was quite deep, perhaps eight inches, and became deeper down in the valley as we neared home, so that the leaders of the flock had to rise and paw and jump to make headway. But all went well, we housed them all, fastened the doors, then sought the warmth and comfort of the general living-room."

But all hope of winter pasture now lay deeply buried under great solid blankets of snow, and late that season young Christian, with his older brother found himself going over two miles with a hand-sled to haul home the brushes they could cut for fodder. These were about finger-thick, were hammered to a pulp on a rock and then fed to the animals. "The sheep and horses ate them to the last bit of thin dark blue of birches, and that is how we kept most of them alive until spring."

If providence would let us look into the future, that poor young shepherd lad, while struggling home through mountainous drifts with a small load of brush-wood, the main sustenance of a precious flock, might have seen grand visions of what lay ahead in the big New World!

The spring of 1882 brought polar ice to the shores of Iceland, driving

down on the headlands and filling every bay and inlet. This evil visitant remained until the end of August, making life bitter for man and beast and severely retarding vegetation. Little wonder that young Sivertz "accepted without hesitation" the offer of some friends to accompany them to America, the following summer. Perhaps this lad had few regrets at leaving the cold, hard land of his forebears, yet in his reminiscences, written after he had seen all of Canada — from Halifax to Victoria, and some of the fairest parts of the United States, there still is a nostalgic note as he speaks of seeing at "Ísafjörður" that spring "the grandeur of Northern scenery in all its incomparable glory."

It was July 9th, 1883, that his ship sailed out past the tall lone rock known as "Skrúður", that guards the eastern approach to Iceland, and on a lovely evening he watched the mountains of his native land "gradually dip and recede behind the curvature of the 63rd parallel". In due time he arrived in Leith, took his first train ride, — to Glasgow, and so by Allan Line steamer to Quebec, where his party was met by B. L. Baldwinson who escorted them to Winnipeg.

Having little education and no trade our immigrant lad, for many years found life none too easy or secure in America. He worked at various jobs, on lake boats, in Winnipeg, in the State of Oregon, and finally he took root in Victoria, B. C. There, on New Year's Day, in 1901 he started his permanent work as mail carrier, a job which he carried on "without lapse or loss of time" until he was superannuated 29 years later. Here he soon won the confidence and respect of his fellow workers. Through the years in the Postal service he served many times

as delegate to conventions in distant cities throughout Canada, and he was elected to various offices, including the presidency of the B. C. Federation of Labour in 1913. The education which he missed in his youth he found at least in part through the travel, the contacts and the study which the Labour Movement afforded him. Now in his 85th. year he still is hale and happy to be alive and takes a keen interest in the doings of the present generation, especially the families of his sons.

When Christian had been about ten years in America he met Elinborg Samuelson, "a very beautiful and pure-hearted girl." They were married soon after, and started the important business of raising a family. When Mrs. Sivertz died in 1943, of a lingering illness, they had seen nearly 50 years of married happiness during which we are told they "never had a quarrel, and never ceased to be in love."

His wife bore Christian and brought to manhood, six wonderful sons, of whom the eldest, Henry George, died "in Flanders Fields" in 1918. He was born in 1893, studied law for two years at McGill University, took the Normal school course at Victoria and taught for a term until enlisting in 1916. He was twice decorated, receiving the Military Medal and Bar, and later Second Bar for taking prisoners, single handed, a detachment of 34 Germans. "I have never known a braver man," was the tribute of his commanding Officer when Henry George fell in the battle of Cambrai on the 29th of September, 1918. His aged father was greatly stirred, during his visit to Ottawa in 1946 to read inscribed in the Book of Memory in the Peace Tower, "Sgt. Sivertz, Henry George, M. M., 2nd C. M. R."

Gustav, the second son, born in 1895, served in both World Wars (see Icel.

Canadian, Autumn 1948). He studied optometry and practiced that profession in Victoria for many years, but later entered newspaper work. He now serves on the staff of the News Herald, Vancouver, having been identified with the establishment of that paper. His wife is the former Marjorie Dunn, daughter of the late Robert Dunn who was for many years editor-in-chief of the Victoria Times. They have two children, Mrs. Elinor Palmer (B. A.) who served in the R. C. A. F., and Henry George in third year, U. of B. C.

Christian Jr. just made it in point of years, to qualify for serving in the first World War, being born in 1897. Like his brother Henry George he taught school before all three brothers enlisted together in 1916. Upon his return from France he entered the University of B. C. and working hard long hours during the summers, shovelling gravel and driving a truck for a business firm, he received his degree after four years, and in three more years he had added the degrees of Master of Science and Doctor of Philosophy, received from McGill. In the summer of 1926 Chris was given a position as instructor at Western Ontario University, London, Ont., later being made Associate Professor. During the war he carried on extensive research work with the Canadian Surgical committee and with the Polymer Company at Sarnia, Ont., with a staff of assistants. He was married in 1929 to Norma Sypher of St. Thomas, Ont. They have two daughters, Carol 18 and Sigrid 16.

Victorian was born in 1900. By dint of hard work during holidays and through the school terms, he put himself through the U. of Washington, then went to the University of West Virginia as instructor and student. There he received his Master's degree

after two years. Next we find him with his brother Christian, "batching", and studying together for their Ph. D. at McGill, which they received on the same day in 1926, at the hands of the Chancellor, Sir Arthur Curry, under whom Christi an had served in France. Returning to Seattle, Victorian is now Associate Professor at his Alma Mater. He was married in 1930 to Chloe Thompson, a University graduate from Oregon. They have one son, Wells Thompson.

In 1905 Bent Gestur joined the Sivertz household. After finishing his senior matriculation at home he set off to see the World, at first on a bicycle, sleeping the first two nights in the woods. Later he went "down to the sea in ships". For ten years he sailed, crossing the Pacific to Asia and Australia half a dozen times, and steaming up and down the coasts from Chile to Portland Channel. He learned what there was to learn about seamanship and picked up his Mate's and Master's papers enroute. In between he managed to finish three years of University, take Normal training, and serve on the staff of the Vancouver school board. Being a member of the Naval Voluntary Reserve, he interrupted his last year at the University of B. C. when called on active duty by the RCN in 1939.

In 1946 Bent Sivertz joined the department of external affairs and is at present assistant chief of the Canadian Consular Service and at the head of the

Canadian Consulate at San Francisco. He was married last year to Barbara Prael of Portland. (For full record see Icel. Can. Autumn, 1948).

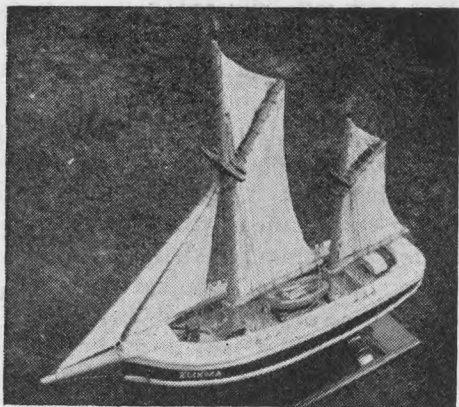
Samuel is the baby of the family. After High School and a year at Victoria College he boarded a ship bent for the Orient and worked for many years for an American financial firm in Shanghai. But it folded up in 1937 under the threat of the Japanese "liberators". Soon after that Canada was at war and "Sam" applied for acceptance for Naval Officers' Training. — Subsequently he had a distinguished service in the Navy, although his health was impaired somewhat by a year's service as Executive Officer on a corvette on Atlantic convoy duty. After the war, in 1947, he entered McGill, the fourth of the Sivertz sons to tread its halls of learning.

Such in brief are some of the highlights of the Sivertz saga to the time of going to press. For future installments check with this magazine during the years to come. One can hardly blame the senior Christian for looking backward with pleasure and some pride, and forward with joyful anticipation. It is interesting to speculate how much of this success is due to the opportunities and the invigorating atmosphere of the New World, and how much to the hereditary human qualities brought along with the immigrant's knapsack from the Old Land beyond the 63rd. parallel.

A golden book containing the names of all Canadian soldiers buried in the cemetery of Adegem, near Ghent, Belgium, has been placed in the Public Archives of Canada.

Nearly \$17,000 from the national health grants have been recently allotted to enable more medical and public health personnel to take special training.

A Lover of Ships



It must be a remarkable feat of imagination and dexterous craftsmanship to construct from memory a precise model of a full-rigged sailing vessel.

But for almost forty years Guðjón Johnson had kept the image of the sea and its sailing ships fresh in his memory while he laboured long hours in the fields and forests of a Manitoba farm. In his native land he had worked on the small craft used by fishermen in Iceland before the turn of the last century. And he had had a glimpse of larger vessels, trim sailing ships that crossed the ocean wide where adventure awaited them.

So when with his family he moved to Winnipeg in 1933, and had more leisure time which he spent in his small workshop in the basement, the urge took hold on this 67 year old lover of ships to make a model of a vessel. He looked about for suitable material and, one day passing a neighboring fuel-supply yard, he spied a solid looking length of cord-wood of enormous girth. In his eager imagination he could visualize this ungainly object as a full-rigged schooner, and so he went to work on the lowly lump of wood.

With an axe he hollowed out the upper portion and shaped the thirty-two inch long body, then with a knife and small plane smoothed it into perfect proportions and mounted it on a large flat board.

All that winter Guðjón worked painstakingly, and as each intricate loop and stay was affixed to its position his eagerness mounted, for he found that this labour of love was succeeding beyond his fondest hopes. And the fruit of his artistic skill is indeed a thing of beauty!

The almost three-foot model most closely resembles the type of vessel known as the English ketch, the mizzenmast being smaller than the mainmast and well forward of the rudderpost. The quadrilateral sails are properly fastened to moveable gaffs and booms, so that they may catch the breeze from any angle. The standing rigging is securely fastened to the deck while the running rigging manipulates the sails freely, the whole being equipped with shrouds and ratlines.

The bowsprit sports two slim sails, — the jib and flying jib, — which billow over the forward deck. The red-painted spool windlass, with four whelps may be operated to hoist the two anchors which hang from strong chains one on each side of the boat, while a sturdy life-boat, equipped with four oars, stands ready for any emergency. In fact, all the intricate parts of this trim vessel, including the rudder, may be operated and we can imagine its shiny red keel cleaving the waves, as its jaunty sails with the Union Jack proudly flying from the mastheads carry the good ship, "Elinora" out to adventure.

Guðjon Johnson was born Oct. 4, 1866 at Ytra-Nýpi, Vopnafirði, Iceland, and came to Winnipeg in 1893. A year later he was married to Salin Kristjánsdóttir, who came from the same district in Iceland. They farmed for 33 years near Arborg, Man., and brought up eleven children. Mrs. Johnson died in Winnipeg in 1942, and Guðjon has also suffered the loss of two sons and two daughters in the last few years. Now almost 83 years old he resides at 621 Ingersoll St. but vis-

its around with his children most of whom are resident in Winnipeg. He sits contentedly in his room whose walls are decorated with pictures of sailing ships of every description, or takes a walk up Sargent Avenue to talk to old friends. The beautiful model of the ship of his dreams, he has entrusted to the care of his daughter Mrs. G. F. Jonasson and it now graces the hallway of her new home at 132 Oak St.

H. D.

Dr. Brandson's Memory Honored

A memorial plaque in honor of the late **Dr. B. J. Brandson** was unveiled at the morning service of the First Lutheran church, May 29, just five years after his death. It is a large bronze tablet with a relief picture of the beloved doctor, and bearing the following inscription:

Erected by
The First Lutheran Church
of Winnipeg

In Memory of
BRANDUR J. BRANDSON

B.A., M.D., C.M., L.L.D., F.A.C.S., F.R.C.S.

1874—1944

Teacher—Physician—Surgeon
Humanitarian and a Cultured
Christian Gentleman

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise".

In his dedication address Norman S. Bergman, vice-president of the congregation pointed to the fitness of this inscription and referred to Dr. Brandson as "our greatest lay member. His courage, strength of character and devotion to duty will remain a shining example of the finest type of citizenship".

The special dedication service was conducted by Rev. V. J. Eylands, pastor of the First Lutheran church, and the plaque was unveiled by Lincoln G. Johnson, chairman of the Brandson Memorial Committee. The choir was under the direction of Paul Bardal, with Harold J. Lupton at the organ and soloists were Mrs. Lincoln Johnson and Alvin Blondal.

(For particulars about Dr. Brandson's career see *Icelandic Canadian*, June, 1944).

★

Charles Thorson well known Winnipeg commercial artist and cartoonist has moved to Toronto and has joined the staff of John Adams Co., Ltd. Advertising Artists, after spending some 13 years in Hollywood and other large movie making centres. (For particulars see *Icelandic Canadian*, Winter, 1947.) After leaving Hollywood, Mr. Thorson spent about a year in Winnipeg, working on his illustrated childrens books. His first book "Keeko" published in 1947, sold 60,000 copies the first year.

Sigurður Sigvaldason

During the second and third decades of this century there were two men who periodically made their rounds of many of the Icelandic communities in Canada and the U. S. A., — two men that were welcome visitors and that we looked forward to seeing.

They were Jón Rúnólfsson, the poet "by the grace of God", and Sigurður Sigvaldason, the Bible salesman and missionary. In temperament these two were as far apart as the poles, but they were both for many years wanderers, homeless and "lone eagles". Both were intellectuals and charming conversationalists.*

One of the brightest Christmases I remember was one that Jón Rúnólfsson spent at our house, when he recited his poems, played with the children, took part in the Christmas service, and sang the hymns with devoted zeal and childlike sincerity. His intellect made the atmosphere warm and bright even in the heart of winter.

But it is Sigurður Sigvaldason that I want to refer to. Though not as regular as the seasons, he made his rounds periodically and we always enjoyed his visits, as it was a treat to converse with him on many subjects.

I will not forget an evening in the North West hall in Glenboro, where he had called a religious meeting and a good number of people turned out. Addressing the meeting with fiery eloquence he had the people spellbound, and whether they agreed with all that he said is not the point! A climax was

reached at the close of the meeting when he captivated us all with his hymnal singing. He was a powerful vocalist, had great range, volume and sincerity. He was in the best of moods and put his whole soul into the service. As he concluded with the "Amen", I was reminded of the beautiful stanza,

"It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that Chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand "Amen".

Sigurður Sigvaldason was born at Búastöðum, in Vopnafjörður, Iceland, his parents being Sigvaldi Jónsson and his wife, Guðrún, who came to America in 1879. For some years Sigurður lived with his brother, Arni, who preceded him to this country and lived about 10 miles west of Minneota, Minnesota. He graduated from Marshall (Minn.) High School and worked his way through the University, receiving his B. A. in the year 1894. After that he taught school for some years and was Supt. of Schools at Buffalo Lake, Minn., for one year. He was on the high road to success when something happened; he had a vision, comparable to Paul's experience on the road to Damascus, which changed the course of his life. Having had an eye for business and been engaged with investments he had made a little money, which he now gave away in accordance with the wishes of the Lord. He gave away everything that he owned including a house and lot that he had owned in Marshall. After this he was a wanderer upon the face of the earth, but kept to his course to the last with unabated zeal. Apart from his

* Jón Rúnólfsson besides having done much manual labour, working at harvesting and on big threshing gangs, was one of the first Icelandic school teachers in Manitoba, and with a fine record.

travels in America he crossed the Atlantic many times and spent much time in his native land (Iceland). The last lap of his journey was spent at the Old Folks' Home, Grund, in Reykjavik, Iceland where he passed away a few years ago.

Mr. Sigvaldason had character and talent. He had a fine record as a student and teacher, had talent for music and was interested in writing poetry; he had a remarkable business capacity, was a powerful salesman and he was always happy, and hearty in his approach to his fellow men.

While it is a fact that we could never understand his religious ideologies (which were Greek to us) there was something mysterious and charming about him that appealed even to more practically minded men of the world.

Mr. Gunnar B. Bjornson of Minneapolis, who has given us valuable information about Sigurður's early life, has this to say about him:

"He had a good sense of humor, could be excellent company and very entertaining on the platform. He told a story well and his interpretation of matters was always intelligent, although I must except from this assertion his religious views."

Mr. E. Erlendson of Milwaukie has given the following description of him:

"Mr. Sigvaldason was a man of high intellectual attainments, and strong moral precepts. He had physical attributes, too, in keeping with his character, being tall, well built and heavy, with a frank open countenance and a radiant smile that beamed kindness and good will to man." The Icelandic Canadian is indebted to Mr. Erlendson for uncovering the accompanying poem, "The Librarian" by Mr. Sigvaldason which won first prize in 1892 in a contest sponsored by the St. Paul

Pioneer Press, and was published in that paper at the time.

Sigurður Sigvaldason was an unforgettable character. He is remembered for his stature, mental and physical, for his thrilling voice, his sense of humor, his laughter and for his unswerving convictions, which made him serve his Lord and master faithfully to the end.

G. J. Oleson

THE LIBRARIAN

by Sigurður Sigvaldason

Ho stranger! why such haste?
The first not alway win,
Diversion does not waste
The moments — just come in.

'Tis not immortal name
Nor monuments we show,
'Tis not dead classic fame
Nor any afterglow.

But souls that own no grave,
And brook no bounds of time
Live here to speak and save
By letter, thought and rhyme.

The lyre seems but a thing
Without a word or note
But touch the waiting string,
It's muse will angels quote.

And thus, on line and page
In spirit and in deed,
The poet and the sage
Respond to us that read.

The ages are within
To living hours turned
And every "might-have-been",
For maybe's can be learned.

The hiding past unveils,
The future stands ajar
To one whose soul inhales
Life's songs, and here they are.

Thorstina Jackson Walters

A Conquest



Thorstina Jackson Walters

We all desire to follow the careers of friends and acquaintances of long standing who have travelled to distant fields so that the personal touch has been lost. This is particularly so in the case of friendships which date back to college and university days.

There are two reasons for this desire. There is the personal interest in the particular individual and the career that he or she chose when college halls were left and life's voyage began. As that interest is personal and based upon friendship, it, in its approach, is kindly, laudatory and if need be forgiving. Then there is the other reason which is almost entirely objective in its approach, even to the point of being selfish. We follow the careers of our friends who started with a training somewhat similar to our own, for

the benefit that we ourselves derive from the lesson to be learned in a study of their successful solution of life's problems, be they occupational difficulties or personal handicaps. In that study the personal element merges in the lesson to be learned by all.

The person of whom I write fulfills both reasons for an article of this kind. The personal element may be passed over with the mere remark that in her case there is nothing to forgive. But here is a life beset with difficulties from its very beginnings, replete with accomplishments and finally triumphant over the handicap of a dread disease. It provides a most stimulating example to all who seek to make something worth while of life no matter what the obstacles may be.

Thorstina Jackson Walters was born in North Dakota of immigrant parents whose only possession was an inheritance of the mind which found expression in a determination to live useful and helpful lives and give an opportunity to their daughter to acquire an education that she might serve in fields they could not reach. Her father, Thorleifur Joakimson Jackson, in spite of the toil of pioneer days, acquired a self education in the pattern of the Icelandic people, and published three books. Her mother, Guðrún Jónsdóttir, who was a trained midwife when she came from Iceland, carried on her profession under most difficult conditions for over thirty years. In the early days it was not uncommon for her to be called on cases three times a week and she would go at any time of day or night by oxcart, on horseback or

afoot, her old buffalo coat keeping out the blasts of the bitter North Dakota winter winds. Little Thorstina sometimes went with her wrapped up in the old feather tick her mother brought from Iceland.

Thorstina inherited her father's literary bent and her mother's sense of duty and readiness to make sacrifices in service to others. Shortly after the turn of the century they migrated from North Dakota to a settlement northwest of Foam Lake in Saskatchewan. Here Thorleifur took up a homestead and the life of the pioneer was started again. Although the homestead yielded little and funds were at all times meagre it was decided that Thorstina should obtain a higher education. She was sent to Wesley College, now United College, in Winnipeg and in the spring of 1910 obtained her Bachelor of Arts degree in modern languages.

Thorstina selected teaching as a profession but soon found that her sympathies and interests lay in wider fields. Following World War I she served for three years in France and Germany on Social Work, emigrant and refugee problems and for a while on educational work in Coblenz, Germany.

In 1924 Thorstina completed a course in Sociology at Columbia University. Her career as a lecturer and writer may be said to date back to that time. The summer of 1926 was spent in Iceland where she gave illustrated lectures on the Icelandic settlements in America. For this work she was awarded in 1926, by the King of Denmark and Iceland, the Knight Cross of the Order of the Falcon. But this was not a one way mission. On her return to the United States she made an extensive lecture tour on Iceland with such success that she came to be re-

ferred to as an Ambassador of Goodwill between America and Iceland. These addresses were supplemented by articles in papers such as The Christian Science Monitor, The New York Times, Current History and others. At a later date Thorstina translated Matthias Thordarson's "Vinland Voyages" for the Research Series of the American Geographical Society, New York.

In 1928 Thorstina married. The fortunate husband is Emile Walters, the well known artist of whom nothing will be said here. Thorstina says she "landed him". Whatever interpretation is given to the event it has proven to be the beginning of one of those heavens on earth where love, mutual interest and close cooperation not only provide happiness but combine in bringing out the best in both and making possible the conquest of all ills and misfortunes.

Mrs. Walters took a prominent part in the Millennial celebration in Iceland in the year 1930 and for her services was awarded the Order of the Millennial Celebration.

From 1933 to 1942 Mrs. Walters was employed as a Social Worker for the New York City Department of Welfare. In 1942 she was asked to enter into war service in World War II. and served in the Censorship and War Information Department until in June 1944 when she was compelled to resign on account of a disease which for many years had slowly been taking its toll. Mrs. Walters is suffering from multiple sclerosis and at the present time is in the Kabat-Kaiser Institute in Washington, D. C. for persons afflicted with that terrible disease.

In the spring of that very year a Fellowship was awarded to Mrs. Walters by the University of Minnesota to

compile a history of the Icelandic settlements in North Dakota with a related sociological and historical study of the area in general. Thorstina was not new to this work as in the year 1926 she herself published a book on the Icelanders in North Dakota.

In spite of her disease Mrs. Walters was determined to go on with the work. She soon discovered that much more extensive researches had to be made than she at first anticipated. Much hitherto unknown material has been gathered together about life in North Dakota in the early pioneer days some of which was unearthed in the National Archives in Washington. Thorstina frankly acknowledges the co-operation and assistance of many people including her former Preceptor at Columbia University, Dr. Leray E. Bowman. But the main acknowledgment goes to her husband. "This work" she says, "has been carried on under great difficulties on account of the condition of my health, work that I

would not have been able to do if I had not had exceptional assistance and understanding from my husband. Upon my discharge from here the end of next July, I hope to bring the work to a speedy conclusion."

By the spring of 1948 Thorstina was compelled to take drastic steps to combat her disease. She entered the Kabat-Kaiser Institute. The treatment, I understand, is endured only by those who have the stamina and determination of Thorstina. We all rejoice in the report that she has greatly improved and has hopes of complete rehabilitation. She will always be handicapped in walking but to that handicap this is her reaction: "I am not worrying much about not being able to walk for I have walked more in my lifetime than the average mortal. The thing to do is to turn the affliction into an asset and work the mind all the more effectively."

Thorstina's conquest is an inspiration to us all.
W. J. Lindal

Dr. Sig. Jul. Johannesson was honored at the meeting of the Icelandic Canadian club, May 9, in the I. O. G. T. Hall, when he was presented with a suitably framed, hand-illuminated certificate of honorary life membership in the club. Mrs. Johannesson was presented with a corsage of roses.

Wilhelm Kristjanson reviewed the career of Dr. Johannesson, in the fields of literature, politics and medicine, and stressed how, in all his ceaseless endeavors, this well-beloved poet, had been the great humanitarian, serving his fellow-men and fighting for good causes.

Selection from Dr. Johannesson's poems were read by B. E. Johnson, and Mrs. Pearl Johnson gave a group

of vocal solos. Miss Thora Asgeirson gave piano solos. Axel Vopnfjord presided.

Following the program the social committee served refreshments to the hundred and fifty members and friends who were gathered to pay tribute to Dr. and Mrs. Johannesson.

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DR. P. H. T. THORLAKSON ELECTED TO CANCER INSTITUTE POST

Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson of Winnipeg was elected vice-president of the National Cancer Institute of Canada, at the third annual meeting of that organization.

OUR WAR EFFORT



Pte. Harold Skagfeld



Pte. Raymond Skagfeld



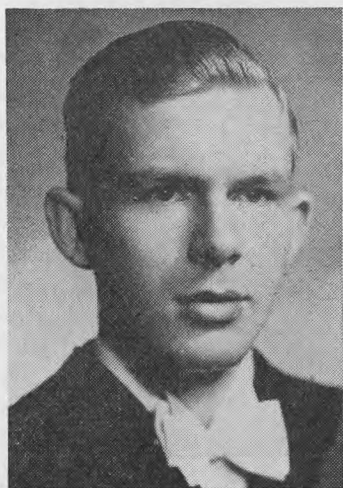
Pte. Alexander Skagfeld

PTE. HAROLD SKAGFELD—Born July 25, 1923 at Lundar, Man. Joined the R.C.E.M.E. Aug. 26, 1943. Served overseas.

PTE. RAYMOND SKAGFELD—Born June 3, 1917 at Lundar, Man. Joined the Canadian Army June 16, 1942. Embarked for Italy, March 17, 1945. Awarded C.V.S.M. & Clasp, 1939-1945 Star.

PTE. ALEXANDER SKAGFELD—Born Nov. 5, 1920 at Lundar, Man. Joined the Canadian Army January 15, 1942. Embarked overseas September 3, 1942. Served in Italy. Awarded the Voluntary Service Medal and Clasp.

SONS OF STEINI AND KRISTRÚN SKAGFELD, OAK POINT, MAN.



Capt. Thor Johanneson



Lieut. Asgeir Johanneson

CAPT. THOR JOHANNESON—Enlisted in the R.C.A.M.C. April 7, 1943. Served at Brockville and Camp Borden Ont. Stationed in Eastern Canada.

LIEUT. ASGEIR JOHANNESON—Enlisted in C.I.C. December 1941. Received his commission February 1943. Embarked overseas July 1943. Served with the Lake Superior Regiment and 4th Armoured Brigade H.Q. After the war he was with the Army Personnel Selection Branch. Discharged March 1946.

SONS OF MRS. AND THE LATE HALLDOR JOHANNESON, WINNIPEG, MAN.



Flt.-Sgt. George Sigurdson



Flora Sigurdson



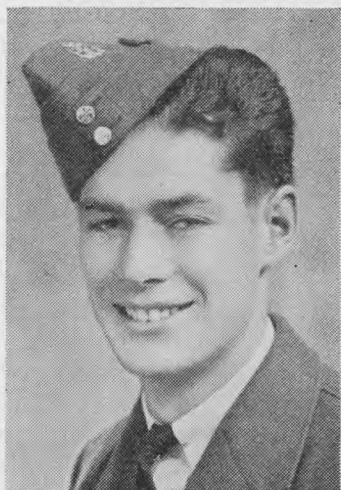
Lieut. Harold Sigurdson

FLT.-SGT. GEORGE SIGURDSON—Born in Westbourne, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. 1939. Served in Canada.

FLORA SIGURDSON—Born in Westbourne, Man. Enlisted as Nursing Sister in R.C.N.V.R. 1943.

LIEUT. HAROLD SIGURDSON—Born in Westbourne, Man. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. 1942. Served in several places until the end of the war.

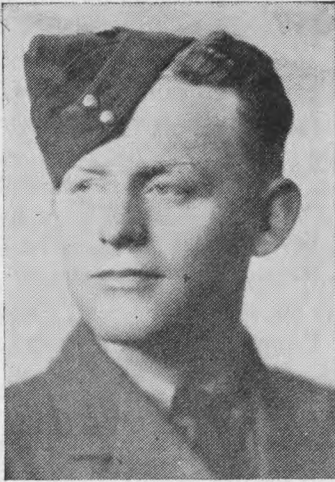
SONS AND DAUGHTER OF HAROLD AND KRISTBJORG (SKAGFELD) SIGURDSON, WESTBOURNE, MANITOBA



PÁLL K. I. JOHANNESSEN—Born at Baldur, Man., March 24, 1918. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. April 9, 1941. Trained at Penhold, Alta., Winnipeg, Man., Saskatoon, Sask., and Toronto, Ont. Discharged February 25, 1942. Enlisted in C.A.A. December 17, 1943. Trained at New Glasgow, N.S., and Barriefield and Petawawa, Ont. Discharged March 23, 1946. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Ingi Johannesson, Baldur, Man.



PAUL I. BJORNSON—Enlisted at Winnipeg, Man., January 1942. Embarked for overseas April 1942. Served in Italy and took part in the invasion of Sicily. Arrived back in Canada in Hospitalized Veteran's Ship, February 1945. Discharged July 1945. Son of Mr. & Mrs. G. J. Bjornson, Belmont, Man.



Pte. Njall Gislasen



Sgt. Einar Gislasen

PTE. NJALL GISLASON—Born at Arborg, Man., January 29, 1920. Enlisted in the Canadian Army September 8, 1941. Trained at Portage La Prairie, Man., Nanaimo, Prince Rupert, Vancouver and Vernon, B.C. Served in the Aleutian Islands, United Kingdom and Continental Europe. Discharged February 14, 1945.

SGT. EINAR GISLASON—Born at Arborg, Man., March 1, 1910. Enlisted in the Canadian Army November 24, 1942. Trained at Fort Osborne and Aldershot. Served in Canada and Newfoundland. Discharged November 9, 1943. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. November 10, 1943. Trained at Jarvis, Toronto Ont., Victoriaville, St. Jean and Three Rivers, P.Q. Discharged February 1945.

SONS OF MAGNUS AND ASTRIDUR GISLASON, ARBORG, MAN.

ICELANDIC CONCERT IN SPANISH FORK

Preluding the Easter season, the Icelandic girls' chorus was featured at a concert in the Spanish Fork First ward chapel, LDS Church, March 27th. This is the same group of girls who participated in the Folklore convention of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers a year ago, (see I. C. summer 1948).

The all-girl chorus is sponsored by the Icelandic Assn., and heading the arrangements were Mrs. W. G. Jarvis, Mrs. C. Argyle, Mrs. M. McKell and Mrs. I Taylor. The choir was directed by Lola Argyle and accompanied by Thelma McKell.

All churches in Spanish Fork cancelled their Sunday evening meetings so that members could attend the concert

and the partition between the chapel and recreation hall was removed to accommodate the capacity audience. The address of welcome was given by Mrs. Wm. G. Jarv's, Bishop J. Victor Leifson gave the invocation, and addresses were given by Byron Geslison, bishop of the Spanish Fork First LDS ward, on **Modern Iceland**, and by Bishop John Y. Bearnson, of Springville, on **Iceland becomes Christianized**.

Miss Ethel Christine Valgardson, who last year placed third in the "Miss Canada" contest at Hamilton, Ont. (see I. C., Winter 1948) spoke briefly on her experiences in Canada. Vocal and piano solos were given by Pearl Barnett, June Thorne, and Francis J. Clark. The benediction was given by Gilbert A. Johnson.

Book Review

Einarsson, Stefán. **History of Icelandic Prose Writers 1800 — 1940.** Cornell University Press, Ithaca, New York, 1948. Pp. XIV 270. Price, \$4.00 (*Islandica*, Vol. XXXII and XXXIII).

This comprehensive and scholarly history of Icelandic prose writers during the past 140 years is most timely. Short surveys of modern Icelandic literature have, to be sure, been published previously both in English and Icelandic, but here, within the limits of this volume, the entire subject is for the first time dealt with in a detailed fashion. The book is, therefore, a pioneer work, not least with respect to the authors from the last fifty years.

At the same time as the volume is an exhaustive account of Icelandic prose writers during the period in question, it is also, as this reviewer has pointed out elsewhere, in no small degree the history of the Icelandic nation generally in the course of that period, for the author has wisely included much political and cultural background material.

The orderly arrangement of the subject-matter as well as its extensiveness are effectively seen in the table of contents, which consists of the following main divisions:

- I. The Icelandic Prose Tradition
- II. The Beginnings of the Nineteenth Century
- III. The Beginnings of the Novel in Iceland
- IV. The Beginnings of Drama in Iceland
- V. Romanticism, Its Beginnings in Iceland

- VI. Jón Sigurðsson and His Circle
- VII. Icelandic Folk Tales
- VIII. Romantic Novelists
- IX. Romantic Dramatists
- X. Realism I
- XI. Realism II, The Men of Þingeyjarsýsla
- XII. Progressive Idealism and Nationalism
- XIII. Literature of the Soul — The Danish-Icelandic Writers
- XIV. National Romanticism of the Twenties and After
- XV. Leftist and Modernistic Writers
- XVI. Emigrants I. American-Icelandic Writers
- XVII. Emigrants II. Jón Sveinsson

The main parts of the book, centering around the principal literary trends and their leading adherents, are subdivided into a number of shorter sections on individual authors, with the lesser literary lights receiving due consideration.

The volume is the fruit of many years of painstaking research and amply reveals Dr. Einarsson's intimate knowledge and keen understanding of modern Icelandic literature. On the other hand, in a survey of such extensiveness, there are bound to be differences of opinion regarding interpretations and evaluations of individual writers. Some of the author's classifications may also be open to question.

On the whole he has succeeded well with respect to the proportionate space allotted to the various writers. This reviewer feels, however, that among the short story writers in particular, such important figures in the field as Þórir Bergsson (Þorsteinn Jónsson) and

Jakob Thorarensen would have deserved a somewhat fuller treatment in comparison with some of the other writers of fiction. Nor do the essayists generally fare as well as the other prose writers, but in that connection it should be noted that the author has primarily limited his discussion to those essayists whose writings have appeared in book form, also, of course, taking into account the literary significance of their work.

As pointed out in the preface, some non-fiction writers, notably scholars and journalists, have been only summarily treated or altogether excluded from the second part of the book.

In this preface the author also anticipates that many readers will feel that the book is too crammed with data, and that the lives of the writers are given in too great a detail. Undeniably, this is so, especially as regards certain enumerations, which, however, add to the

bibliographical and general informative value of the book.

It is very readable, written in a clear although not particularly distinguished style. Here and there a happier phrasing might indeed have been preferable, granting the difference in taste in such matters.

All in all, this ambitious and authoritative history of Icelandic prose writers reflects great credit on the author, and with it he has rendered distinct service to all students of Icelandic literature.

The book constitutes Vols. XXXII-XXXIII in Professor Halldór Hermannsson's *Islandica*-series, and the author has very properly dedicated it to Professor Hermannsson, as a tribute in connection with his 70th birthday, January 6, 1948. His former students and colleagues in the Scandinavian field whole-heartedly join in that well-deserved homage. **Richard Beck**



Mrs. Elizabet Polson

A HAPPY OCCASION

The daughters of **Mrs. August Polson** held an open house on their mother's 80 birthday, at the home of Mrs. Paul Goodman 652 Goulding St., Winnipeg. Mrs. Polson's many friends availed themselves of this opportunity to pay their respects to her and wishing her well. This was a joyous occasion, as Mrs. Polson has gained the respect and friendship of those who have had the privilege of knowing her during her long and active life.

★

Miss Ethel Christine Valgardson has recently been crowned queen at the Utah State Agricultural College, and is president of Theta Upsilon social sorority.

Graduates and Scholarship Winners

GRADUATES

from the University of Manitoba

Bachelor of Arts

Bodvar Skuli Bodvarson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Timoteus Bodvarson of Arborg, Manitoba.

Leifur Julius Hallgrimson, son of Mr. & Mrs. T. L. Hallgrimson of Winnipeg.

Lindal Joy Hallgrimson, son of Mr. & Mrs. L. J. Hallgrimson of Winnipeg.

Engilbert Sigurdson

Elenor Edna Thorvaldson

Thor Thorgrimson, son of Mrs. Sigrun Thorgrimson, and the late Rev. Adam Thorgrimson.

Gunnar Orn Eggertson, son of Mrs. Thorey Eggertson, and the late Arni Eggertson of Winnipeg.

Glen Allenby Eyford

Elizabeth Jo Lindal, daughter of Judge W. J. Lindal, and the late Mrs. Lindal of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Gloria Audrey Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Johnson, of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Science

Ines Bonnie Bjarnason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Bjarnason, Langruth, Manitoba.

Gudmundur Myrdal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gudni Myrdal, Lundar, Man.

Sigursteinn Thorarinson

Paul Richard Frederickson

Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering

Raymond Olafur Jonasson, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Jonasson of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Electrical Engineering

Richard Leonard Beck. Winner of Isbister Scholarship 1944, Governor General Medal in 1944 and Scholarship in 3 year Engineering. Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Beck of Winnipeg.

Mechanical Engineering

Kristjan Magnus Oddson, son of Mrs. Asta Oddson, and the late Leifur Oddson of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Albert Bruce Dalman

Paul Norman Hanson

Bachelor of Architecture

David Frederick Thordarson, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Thordarson, of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Education

John Kristinn Laxdal, B.A. At present Science Master at the Manitoba Normal School. Son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Grimur Laxdal of Arborg, Manitoba.

Karl Baldwin Thorkelson, B.A., Principal of Morden School, Morden, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Interior Design

Laura Raquell Austmann, winner of Osborne bursary in 1943, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. K. J. Austmann, of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Diploma in Agriculture

Baldur Stefanson

Marvin Goodman

Bachelor of Commerce

Jean Thorun Law, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Law. Mrs. Law was the former Thorun Sigurdson of Lundar, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Law

Hallgrimur Peterson, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Peterson, of Winnipeg.

Sigursteinn A. Thorarinson, B.Sc., son of Mrs. S. Thorarinson and the late Mr. M. Thorarinson of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Doctor of Medicine

Harold Blondal, B. Sc. E.E. to take up Fellowship in Atomic Energy project, at Chalk River, Ontario. Son of Mrs. Gudrun Blondal and the late Dr. Agust Blondal of Winnipeg, Man.

Robert Henry Thorlakson

Thorburn Kenneth Thorlakson, sons of Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson and Mrs. Thorlakson of Winnipeg, Man.

Bachelor of Science**in Home Economics**

Isobel June Bjarnason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Bjarnason of Langruth, Manitoba.

Doreen Norma Johnson

Bachelor of Science in Agriculture

Wilmer Espolin Torfason

Diploma in Education

Wilfred Halldor Baldwin, B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Baldwin, of Winnipeg, Manitoba

Constance Lillian Johannesson, B. Sc (H.Ec.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Konrad Johannesson, of Winnipeg.

Gudmundur Myrdal B.Sc., son of Mr. and Mrs. Gudni Myrdal, Lundar, Manitoba.

Certificate in Nursing

Valdine Sigvaldason

Diploma in Social Work

Eleanor Olson, B.Sc.. (H.Ec.), daughter of Mrs. Gudrun Olson and the late Dr. J. Olson of Winnipeg

Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy

Robert Louis Stephenson, son of

G. L. Stephenson and the late Mrs. Stephenson, of Vancouver, B. C. formerly of Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Science. Hon.

Stanley Lloyd Baldwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Baldwin, of Winnipeg.

★

GRADUATES

Joyce Irene Thorkelson, B.Sc. (H.Ec.) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Thorkelson, Gimli, Manitoba. Scholarship Gr. XI. Manitoba Scholarship (\$650). Joyce has been extremely active extra-curricularly in many phases of the following: Dramatics, debating and student government. She was Lady Stick of Home Economics in her fourth year and in this capacity gave outstanding leadership. She was a member of the Pi Beta Phi Sorority.

Plans for the future: Social Service.

Margaret Anne Stevens, daughter of Norman K. Stevens and Margaret Skaptason Stevens of Gimli.

Scholarships: Manitoba Scholarship Gr. XI. (\$650.00). University activities: Editor of Ec-Ho (Home Economics Year Book), for two years. Member of Home Economics Student Council for two years. Plans for the future: Post graduate work in dietetics, Vancouver General Hospital.

Irene Thorbjorg Sigurdson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Sigurdson, Gimli. Scholarships: Gr. XI. Isbister; Manitoba scholarship and Hotel-Keepers Association scholarship which was extended to her for all four years totaling \$1,400.00; Richardson's scholarship in both second and third year at University. University activities: sports and dramatics. Plans to teach next year.

GRADUATES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

Bachelor of Arts

Howard W. Baldwin, graduated with distinction and won the Honours Bursary in Chemistry awarded to the student standing highest in the Honours Course in Chemistry.

Paul G. Magnusson, Leslie, Sask.
John M. Torlacius, Kuroki, Sask.
Harold Hornford, Elfros, Sask.

B.Sc in Mechanical Engineering

Raymond E. Jonasson, Wynyard,

B.Sc. in Ceramic Engineering

John Goodmundson, Elfros, Sask.
Douglas I. Peterson, Saskatoon.

B.Sc. in Pharmacy

Harold Anderson, Foam Lake
Jonas G. Hallgrimson, Wynyard

Certificate in Education

Dona Adelaide Peterson, B.A.,
Saskatoon, Sask.

Hjörtur Björn Leo, B.A. Saskatoon

Kathryn Joan Olafson, Yorkton, stood highest in the First Year of College of Household Science and was awarded a scholarship.

★

VANCOUVER GRADUATES

Bachelor of Arts

Arlan Emmett Bjarnason

Frida Bjarnason

Lloyd Sigurdur Torfason

Orion Bjarnason

Robert Louis Stevenson, (íslenzkur í móðurættina).

Home Economics

C. Christopherson

Clarence Olafson

Physical Education

Johannes Deildal

Joey Tergeson of Gimli, the only Manitoba representative to play with the Sudbury Wolves, on their goodwill tour of Europe has returned home after playing in the United Kingdom, Switzerland, France, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Holland and Denmark.

The Government of Iceland has honored Mrs. Sigríður Benónýs of Berkeley, California by bestowing upon her the Order of the Falcon for meritorious services she has rendered to students from Iceland studying at the various Universities in California. The decoration took place at the home of Rev. and Mrs. S. O. Thorlakson.

Honoring Mr. Fred Fljodzal, honorary president of the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees, a large banquet was held in Chicago last December in celebration of his 79th birthday which also coincided with his 55 wedding anniversary.

His work as president of the organization from 1922 — 1940 in maintaining good relations between employees and employers was highly praised by Mr. T. C. Carroll the present president of the organization. Mr. Fljodzal was one of the representatives of the American government at Iceland's Millennium Celebration in 1930.

Icelandic Float

in Winnipeg's 75th Birthday Celebration Parade

Sponsored by all the Associated Icelandic Organizations in Winnipeg

The City of Winnipeg celebrated its 75th anniversary, June 5 — 11. A varied and colorful Program was prepared for every day and almost every hour of the week, and thousands of visitors poured in from far and near, from all parts of the continent. By the middle of the week their number had reached twenty thousand.

Winnipeg had good cause for this celebration on a grand scale. Beginning as a town of less than two thousand people on its incorporation in 1873, it has grown to a City of some three hundred thousand, and as the gateway to the golden west has played an important part in the development of the country. In the midst of their celebration, the people of Winnipeg have remembered the founders of the City whose vision and enterprise did much to make this spectacular growth possible.

On Monday, June 6, the second day of the celebration, was featured in a monster parade of some 150 floats, interspersed with bands a procession over three miles long. Prominent in this parade were floats representing the various ethnic groups in the City, including the Franch, Scotch, Icelandic, Scandinavian, German, Ukranian, Chinese and Japanese people. These floats evidenced a great deal of thought and careful preparation, and were an outstanding feature of the parade.

The Icelandic float received much favorable comment for its beauty and dignity. The Icelandic community in Winnipeg, whose origin dates back to 1875, and has thus grown with the

City, was thus fittingly represented in the parade. The float succeeded in symbolizing the essence of all that has been said and written about the migration and settlement of the Icelandic people in Manitoba.

In the background is a replica of Mt. Hecla, showing patches of ice and snow, and with smoke and steam issuing from its crater, symbolizing the land of "Frost and Fire". A typical Icelandic farmstead, at the base of the mountain portrays the life of the Icelandic people with its complete dependence on the natural environment.

Three scrolls on either side of the float bearing the inscription "Law, Liberty, Literature" portray the essentials of our cultural heritage for which the Icelandic nation has been so widely acclaimed.

The essence of the Icelandic heritage is conceived as flowing through a rainbow spanning from Iceland to Manitoba, the land of promise, and bearing the inscription "Sagaland's timeless heritage assimilated in a new land of Law and Liberty."

A "Golden Bridge", with engraved figure of a falcon at one end and of a bison at the other, the respective emblems of Iceland and Manitoba, is the bridge of friendship between the old world and the new, and symbolizes also the transition from the old world to the new.

The majestic figure of the "Fjallkona" (The Maid of the Mountain) stands on a vantage point at the Iceland end of the rainbow, surveying the road to the new land. At the forward



end of the rainbow is the youthful figure representing the new community in Winnipeg, completely identified with their City, looking to the future.

The old "stern wheeler" International is shown bringing the first Icelandic immigrants to Winnipeg in 1875, and an immigrant couple, in native costume, hopefully look to a plaque of Manitoba suspended at the rainbow's end. A spinning wheel symbolizes their industry.

Personified on the float are representatives of the chief vocations, professions and activities, with which the Icelandic people in Manitoba have identified themselves, the laborer, the builder, the farmer, the fisherman, the nurse, the scholar, the muse of fine arts and letters, and the sports enthusiast.

On the side of the float is the legend, "Four generations of Icelandic descent salute Winnipeg on its 75th birthday", and on the wide apron of the float is painted the rural background of the Icelandic communities in the Province, the golden wheatfield and the blue lake.

The central theme of good citizenship finds its culmination in the tableau of the Icelandic community, previously mentioned, at the forward end of the float in support of the figure representative of Winnipeg.

The float is 40 feet long and 12½ feet high. The rainbow is 22 feet long.

The chief designer, architect and artist of the float was Mr. Gissur Eliasson of the Winnipeg School of Art.

J. K. L. & W. K.

A concert was held at Arborg on Friday, June 3, under the auspices of the "Esjan" a chapter of the Icelandic National League. The speaker of the evening was Dr. A. H. S. Gillson, president of the University of Manitoba who was introduced by Judge W. J. Lindal. Dr. Gillson divided his subject into two parts, the University of Manitoba and the proposed chair in Icelandic language and literature at the University. He looked upon the establishment of the Chair in Icelandic as a great cultural step in the University and was most happy that this was going to be one of the first accomplishments in the University since he took office. "Icelandic" he said, "is a classic language the same as Greek and Latin and is also one of the basic languages upon which English is founded." He said that letters had already been received by him from the United States as well as Canada inquiring about courses in Icelandic and also about the possibil-

ities of taking Icelandic as part of a post-graduate course in English.

In referring to the University Dr. Gillson emphasized that it was not something separate and apart from the people but belonged to them and sought to satisfy their cultural as well as their practical educational needs. He welcomed suggestions from the people of the province.

A feature of the program was a contest in reciting poetry in Icelandic. The contestants, fifteen in number, were divided into three classes, under 9, 9 — 11, and 12 — 16 years of age. A first, second and third prize was awarded in each class.

Geraldine Björnson and Herman Fjelsted sang solos and a group of girls sang songs, all in the Icelandic language.

The meeting, which packed the hall, was chaired by Gunnar Simundson, president of the Esjan.

First Icelandic Girl Born in Winnipeg



Mr. & Mrs. H. Thorolfson

The Winnipeg Tribune recently featured **Mrs. Halldora Thorolfson** in its series on Winnipeg old-timers published in advance of the city's 75th anniversary celebration in June.

Mrs. Thorolfson, now seventy, was the first girl of Icelandic parentage to be born in Winnipeg, her parents Friðrik and Sigríður Sigurbjörnsson being the first Icelandic couple to be married in the city. (See article by J. J. Bildfell, in the Icelandic Canadian, Autumn 1947, p. 7.).

Speaking of Mrs. Thorolfson, whose given name is Fridrikka, Mr. Bildfell says: "When she was three months old her father died . . . and she would have one of the most harrowing tales to tell, if she would consent to tell it for she had to meet the responsibility of life from the time she could walk alone."

But Mrs. Thorolfson does not choose to tell any harrowing tales or

dwell on the difficult aspects of the past, although she does refer half humorously to the discrimination practised against the Icelanders here in the early days. Houses up for rent would often carry the sign: "No Icelanders Need Apply".

Mrs. Thorolfson remembers the big flood of the early 80's, when she was living on the Hudson's Bay flats just south of the old Hudson's Bay store on South Main St. Flood waters got so high the family had to stretch planks between the beds in order to move about the house.

Having attended the old Central school here, Mrs. Thorolfson later took up dress-making, and although the wages were low and the hours long we feel sure she always worked cheerfully and put loving care into her work for such is her nature. She still does exquisite sewing and makes a variety of stuffed toys and dolls, to-

gether with the most elaborate and beautiful dolls' costumes for her little grand-daughters.

Distinguished looking, with a cloud of white fluffy hair framing her handsome features, Mrs. Thorolfson has the serene look of those kindly souls who do not dwell on the short-comings of their fellow-men, but have, rather, devoted a long life to giving service and love to humanity.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorolfson, who were married in 1903, now reside at 694 Sherbrook St., where their daughters Pearl (Mrs. Lincoln Johnson) and Verbina (Mrs. Walter Allison) can vis-

it them frequently, being both resident in Winnipeg. Mr. Thorolfson was formerly soloist and choir leader in the city and his musical talents have been passed on to his children. Mrs. Johnson is well known in the city's musical circles, having been soprano soloist with a number of outstanding choirs, and is at present soloist in the First Lutheran Church. The only son, Frank is a brilliant music student, composer and orchestra and choir leader (see Icelandic Canadian, Autumn 1946, Autumn /47, Winter /47, and Autumn /48.

H. D.

Professor Thorbergur Thorvaldson Retires

After a distinguished career of scientific research and teaching extending over thirty-five years, Dr. Thorvaldson has retired from his post as head of the Dept. of Chemistry at The University of Saskatchewan.

At a banquet held in the Bessborough Hotel, Saskatoon, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Thorvaldson, during the Tenth Annual Convention of the Chemical Institute of Canada the many speakers paid high tribute to his professional career, and personal qualities that have won him wide distinction in the world of science and the love and respect of all his many students and associates.

The Dept. of Chemistry at the University of Saskatchewan has steadily grown and developed by his untiring labors, capable leadership and wise guidance to be acclaimed as the foremost of Chemistry Departments in Canadian Universities.

To honor Dr. Thorvaldson personally and professionally, a fund, known as The Thorvaldson Scholarship Fund

has been established to promote chemical research at the University of Saskatchewan.

Dr. Thomson, President of the University of Saskatchewan, praised highly of the great contribution and good council that Dr. Thorvaldson has given to the University as a whole. "His qualities of leadership have been recognized by all his associates and his influence has penetrated into every department of the University."

The Icelandic students who have in large numbers attended the University of Saskatchewan during his professorship there owe an especially great debt of gratitude to Dr. and Mrs. Thorvaldson. They have repeatedly played hosts and given good council to them all. A long, distinguished professional career has terminated but the influence and learning he imparted will long continue to be felt.

The Icelandic Canadian extends to Dr. and Mrs. Thorvaldson best wishes for the future.

In The News

VISITORS FROM ICELAND

When **Runa Johnson** left Winnipeg 14 years ago to visit her sister **Alla Johnson**, of Reykjavik, Iceland, she did not expect to settle down there. But all that was changed when she met and married **Benjamin Einarsson**, who is a department manager in a store in Reykjavik.

Mr. and Mrs. Einarsson and a friend, **Miss Lilja Fridfinns**, who expect to enjoy a three months holiday in Manitoba, are at present visiting with Mrs. Einarsson's sister, **Mrs. J. Smith**, 253 Langside St. They have visited **Baldur**, Man. where Mrs. Einarsson was born, and perhaps will take a brief trip to Mississippi where Mr. Einarsson's niece resides.

Mrs. Einarsson's sister **Alla**, who preceded her to Iceland, to work for the Icelandic State Broadcast, also married there and is now **Mrs. Bjarni Gunnlaugsson**, and resides on a farm in **Suður-Píngeyjarsýsla**. She formerly worked for the Winnipeg Free Press.

QUEEN OF SHENANDOAH APPLE BLOSSOM FESTIVAL

Margaret Thors, daughter of **Thor Thors**, Iceland's minister to the United States and Canada, was crowned queen of the 22 annual Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival in Winchester, Va. She reigned for the two days of April 28th and 29th. Margaret was presented to an audience of 300,000 by senator **Byrd** of Virginia.

Margaret was crowned queen of the Festival by the vice president of the United States, **Alben W. Barkley** and seated on her throne, surrounded by her 38 princesses and their escorts.

One of her duties as queen was to knight the moving picture and Radio Star, **Bob Hope**.

At the end of her two day reign the Governor of Virginia presented her with a golden Sceptre and a golden apple, as well as the Keys to the City.

Miss Thors has received an offer from **Paramount Pictures** of Hollywood, Cal. But she has not revealed her decision regarding this as yet.

A REQUEST TO READERS

A letter has been received from **Lt. Robert W. Scherer**, New York, asking our aid in collecting any material that will help him in tracing the entire postal history of Iceland. He is in possession of one of the most valuable collections of Icelandic stamps, which he intends to put on exhibit in Boston this summer. In his exhibit he will also include pictures of some of the stamp designers. His letter, which is self-explanatory, follows in part:

"... Today I received the acknowledgment of the acceptance of my Icelandic collection of Iceland Parliament Millennial issue to be shown in Boston in August. Everyone is looking forward to the premiere showing of this great and new collection, as it is a unique example of what may be done with a stamp collection. If every thing goes well I'm planning on entering it in the International Philatelic Exhibition when it is held in Canada, and then you may have an opportunity to view it.

"Through the kindly interest of Mr. **Max Norgaard** of Copenhagen, Denmark, I am in the process of forming a collection of the Postcards of Ice-

land, which will as far as I know, be the first attempt to collect for exhibition this type of material. But it may take me several years to amass a collection of this type.

"My greatest ambition is to form a pictorial history of Iceland and to illustrate the entire story with stamps. Also to trace the entire postal history of Iceland. I would appreciate it very much if, in your next issue, you could put a notice that I would like to receive old letters and cards of Iceland for this collection. I will personally acknowledge all letters received and will send the individual senders pages of the mounted collections in which their covers appear, in 8x10 photographs."

Very truly yours,
(Lt.) Robert Scherer, 0-1003834
105th AAF Base Unit
Fort Slocum, New York.

CARL HANSON HONOURED

A few weeks ago **Carl Hanson**, Building Contractor of Winnipeg was the recipient of an Honorary Scroll, presented to him for his work on erecting a Monument for the Icelandic Pioneers of North Dakota. The wording of the Scroll is as follows:

The Gardar-Mountain Pioneer
daughters present to
Carl Hanson

This Honorary Scroll as a token of appreciation and sincere thanks for graciously devoting his gifted talents and valuable time directing the erection of a monument placed at Mountain North Dakota in commemoration of our

Icelandic Pioneers of North Dakota.

Mrs. H. Olafson

Mrs. F. M. Einarson,
Comm.

CORRECTION

Mr. J. J. Bildfell has sent in the following corrections to be made in his article "Early Historic Glimpses of Icelandic People in Winnipeg", appearing in the last issue of the magazine:

1. Rev. Jón Bjarnason did not resign from the Eyjafjarðar congregational district when he came to Canada in 1884; but from Seyðisfjarðar congregational district.

2. The name of the play, staged at the instigation of Helgi Jónsson at Victorian Hall in 1884 was not "Hellismenn", but "Útilegumennirnir", — (The Outlaws).

S. K. Hall's New Music Now Available

SONGS OF ICELAND (Vol. 2), eight songs: Þótt þú langförull legðir; Á Sprengisandi; Hjarta mitt og harpa; I Remember; Vögguljóð; Farewell; Prayer at Eventide; and Remorse; with text in Icelandic and English. Price \$1.75. Order from S. K. Hall, Wynyard, Sask. A few copies of Icelandic Song Miniatures (Vol. 1) are still available at \$1.50 each.

A Jubilee Pageant of Folk Art

The jubilee pageant of folk art, sponsored by the Manitoba Branch of the Canadian Handicraft Guild, held June 3 to 11, in the Beaver Room of the Hudson's Bay store, demonstrated in a striking manner Winnipeg's varied heritage. It highlighted the special skills and talents brought from other lands and those developed in Canada. The Guild has the laudable aim of preserving, reviving and developing the crafts and home industries of the people, that they may be handed on to future Canadians.

The exhibition was officially opened on June 3 at 2 p.m. by Mayor Garnet Coulter.

Twenty-two nationalities were represented. A variety of handicraft was displayed on tables and in showcases. Demonstrations in weaving, spinning, carving and other crafts were carried on all around the hall. Msr. Soffia Wathne, who has been for the past twenty years, an active member of the Guild and of the Icelandic Handicraft Society, organized Icelandis participation in the pageant. She was assisted by a committee of representative women from the Icelandic churches and members of the Icel. Handicraft Society.

The Icelandic exhibit showed fine examples of metal work, wood carving, clay modeling, embroidery, knitting and weaving; costume jewellery, brooches, buckles, bracelets, earrings in delicate silver and silver gilt filigree; the coronet and belt of the Icelandic festival costume, hand wrought silver spoons; carved jewel boxes and bowls; horn spoons with carved inscriptions;

embroidered tea cloths; a filmy fascinator and dainty mittens knitted in natural colors beautifully blended. A clay model of the Icelandic falcon tinted in natural colors and glazed, was a very attractive show piece. A woven wall hanging — the Icelandic flag on gray background was appropriately displayed above the show case.

The exhibit as a whole gave the impression of refinement and showed that the arts and crafts in Iceland are highly developed. The show pieces were loaned by Winnipeg citizens of Icelandic descent.

Special programs were presented by the national groups and Wednesday June 8, was the Scandinavian day. — Florence Turnland sang the beautiful Solveig's Song by the Norwegian composer, Grieg. Alma Walberg and Doreen Vermette played an unaccompanied violin duet of Swedish dance music. A group of Icelandic folk songs were given by six girls, Dolores and Lilja Eylands, Sigrid Bardal, Evelyn Thorvaldson, Thora Asgeirson and Helen Goodman. The program concluded with vocal solos by Mrs. Pearl Johnson, daughter of the first woman of Icelandic parentage born in Winnipeg. She sang "Vögguljóð" by the late Jón Friðfinnson and "Love's Rapture" by Professor S. K. Hall.

All the performers wore their national costumes, Mrs. Johnson and several women in the audience wore the Icelandic festival costumes, thus adding color and dignity to the occasion.

I. J.

Furs Fashions Men's Wear

HOLT RENFREW

Portage at Carlton

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	1948	1947
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